

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The French in Rome.

THE gallant attempt of Garibaldi and his party to free Rome and consolidate Italy has failed for the present, through no fault of theirs, but through the fatuity of Victor Emanuel and the baseness of Louis Napoleon. The former is as weak as the second is wicked, and this Roman affair will react equally on the fool and the knave. It has already greatly loosened the uncertain hold of the Italian King on his sceptre, and has lowered still more the factitious reputation of the French Emperor for political sagacity and statesmanship, and destroyed the little credit he had for principle.

It has taught the Italians what a troublesome imposture a Constitutional Monarchy is, and, besides making the Republic possible, has precipitated it by a generation. It has discharged Italy from whatever debt of gratitude to France may have remained over after the surrender of Savoy, and left her free to resent the insults with which the intervention of 1858 was accompanied, and to make such alliances and combinations in the future as she may find convenient. Garibaldi may discover some compensation for the present reverse in these results. In losing Rome for the moment, he may find that he has regenerated Italy, and fatally weakened the

power of the Mokanna of the Tuileries, who now stands, after twenty years spent in laying the foundations of a dynasty, without a friend in Europe, and without the possibility of an alliance, except such a one as may be expected from the Emperor of Austria, whom he humiliated and despoiled in Lombardy, and whose brother he betrayed to his death in Mexico, and who is as powerless as an ally as he is harmless as an enemy.

It is idle to talk of friendship between Italy and France after the events of this autumn, and we shall not be surprised to hear of a renewal of attempts on the life of the Emperor by the fanatics who were propitiated, for the

time being, by the hypocritical intervention against the Austrians in 1858. If the career of the Emperor before that period justified, to the excited Italian mind, the use of the bomb and the dagger, what may we not expect now, when six hundred ardent Italian patriots lie stark on the slopes of Monte Rotondo, slain by French bullets, in support of a system detested by every Italian, and the very existence of which is an insult to the people and a derogation to the state?

Six months ago, when the Luxemburg question threatened a disruption between France and Prussia, the former counted on the co-operation of Italy in the prospective war, not-



PREPARING FOR A QUIET SUNDAY, UNDER THE OPERATION OF THE LICENSURE LAW.—SEE PAGE 161.

Withstanding the recent intimate relations between Prussia and Italy, and she probably would then have received a lukewarm support from the Peninsula. But now even the negative support of neutrality will be withheld when the shock comes on, as it is coming, between the German Confederation and France. The weak King could not prevent the Italian people raising the cry of the "Restoration of Savoy!" and striking the empire in the rear, while its effective power would be concentrated on the Rhine.

At such cost has the Emperor sent his legions a second time to Rome; the latest but by no means the least of the series of blunders and crimes that has revealed his true character and capacity, and stripped him of the reputation for shrewdness and statesmanship which the success of the *coup d'état* and of the popularization of the finances at one time invested him. The character and calibre of the man were fairly typified at Strasburg and Boulogne, and history will duly record the convictions of his contemporaries, and anticipate the verdict of posterity in writing him down as the Arch-Imperator of the nineteenth century. Circumvented in policy by Bismarck, baffled in Mexico, and having alienated his only possible ally in Europe through an outrage that shocks Christendom, he is alone among his contemporaries, despised by some, detested by all, amid the crash of the hollow financial organizations which have lent their glitter to his reign, among a people wounded in their vanity if not in their honor, and suffering under augmented imposts and conscriptions, and with an army likely to be overmatched in war, and which is a consuming curse in peace. The weight of cares comes with the weight of age, defeat at a period too late to be retrieved, and the props of his dynasty are giving way when they ought to be strongest. Nemesis may appear to slumber, but she never loses sight of her victim. The term of a feverish life is approaching, and with it we shall witness the end of that grandest of modern abortions, "The Second Empire." It will leave a few good railways, some imposing but monotonous streets in Paris, a meretricious opera-house, a tradition of a great peep-show in the Champ de Mars, and the letter "N," emblazoned here and sculptured yonder, but which the chisel of the stone-cutter and brush of the white-washer will speedily remove, as similar letters have been obliterated before. Little else, except a humiliating chapter in the history of France, strangely paralleling those recording the decline and fall of the Roman empire.

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NOTICE.—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

Our Principles.

"I WOULD reduce the rate of taxation to the lowest point that would defray the expenses of the Government, economically administered, and pay the interest and maturing obligations, and leave the principal of the bonded debt to be discharged in other and better times."—Senator Morton.

"In the passage by Congress of a bill by two-thirds majority over a Presidential veto, the Executive power is constitutionally annihilated on that subject, and the President has no longer a right, for any reason, to interpose an obstacle to the administration of the law."—Gov. Boutwell.

"Under no circumstance shall the credit of the Nation or State be injured by wrongful tampering with public obligations, nor shall the name of the Republic ever be dishonored by the slightest deviation from the path of financial integrity."—Republican Convention of New-York.

"Let our laws and our institutions speak not of white men, not of red men, not of black men, not of men of any complexion; but like the laws of God—the Ten Commandments and the Lord's Prayer—let them speak of the people."—Horace Mann.

Special Notice.

We shall be happy to enter into negotiations with any author of established reputation, whose engagements will permit, for a Continued Story for THE CHIMNEY CORNER or the LADY'S MAGAZINE. The highest price will be paid. Decision promptly given.

The New Story.

We finish this week Anthony Trollope's romance, "The Last Chronicle of Barset," and commence an exceedingly interesting story by an American author, entitled, "Taming a Tartar," which will probably occupy a place in our columns for the next six weeks.

Antiquarian Impostures.

EVER since Joe Smith found the copper plates on which was engraved "The Book of Mormon," we have been pretty regularly supplied with "mysterious inscriptions," on bits of stone or plates of metal or mica, all from the Western mounds. The late Mr. Schoolcraft, the veritable Jonathan Oldbuck of American archaeology, had a pet pebble from

a mound near Wheeling, which in a superficies of less than two square inches had letters from a dozen different alphabets, besides "ideographic signs." A plate from another mound, near Sandusky, in Ohio, was found "covered with inscriptions in an unknown character, containing no doubt the history of a long-lost race," but which proved to be only a rather fine specimen of graphic mica, and so on indefinitely.

All these inscriptions, however, were in unknown characters, and perhaps not as interesting as if they could be read and tell a story. The deficiency was soon supplied. A gentleman named Wyrick, living in Newark, Ohio, a few years since, pretended to have found certain inscribed stones among the ancient earthworks near that place. They bore real Hebrew characters, and strangely enough contained an abridgment of the decalogue. As confirming the old hypothesis of Boudinot and others, that the Indians are the descendants of the lost "Ten Tribes of Israel," these "Holy Stones" became exceedingly popular in certain circles, and it was solemnly intimated that they might be the very tablets of the Law which Moses brought down from Sinai. A little later a stone box was found, containing a stone bearing a figure in relief, which was at once recognized as the effigy of Moses himself, from the unmistakable likeness it bore to the authentic pictures of the great Lawgiver to be found in Old Family Bibles. The Theophrastus of both continents were now agog, and many and profound were the disquisitions on the Newark "Holy Stones" by pseudo-antiquarians of both continents. Rabbis looked on them, while excellent but uncritical members of learned societies insisted that the stones should undergo a regular incubation. The most persistent of these was the late Secretary of the American Ethnological Society, who omitted no opportunity to intrude the "Holy Stones" on the attention of its members, until somehow, and much to the scientific discredit of the society, the notion got abroad that it accepted the stones as genuine relics, and were obtained as alleged by Mr. Wyrick. Finally, the society, to its amazement, found itself quoted in print as voucher for the stones, and sponsor for their finder. This appears to have been too much, and we notice that at a late meeting of the society, it repudiated all responsibility in the premises, and declared that it "never accepted the alleged inscriptions as genuine," and that "in the opinion of the society" the communication of Dr. J. H. Nicol, of Newark, where the stones were said to have been found, "affords the best and most consistent explanation of their true character." The following is an extract from Dr. Nicol's letter, and we shall probably hear no more of the Ohio "Holy Stones."

"On the 1st day of November, 1866, I went in company with Mr. John M. Hanes and Dr. John B. Hoover, and by a previous arrangement, to meet Mr. David Wyrick, and assist him in opening a mound which is about eight miles south of Newark. When we arrived, Mr. Wyrick was already on the ground waiting for us. I worked by the side of Mr. Wyrick until he showed up a stone box, which in shape was like a spectacle-case. I took the box and washed it off. I discovered that it was in equal halves, and had a small hole in one end, and that it had very recently been rubbed all over with a piece of brass. We all wanted to open the box, except Mr. Wyrick, who objected. But while we were looking at it, it accidentally came open, and exposed to our view a tablet, on which were inscribed Hebrew characters, and the figure of a Jewish priest. Also iron nails, one on each side, still bright from being filed. I saw Mr. Wyrick the day before we went to dig, and he told me he had been over that day and made a fire to burn off a log where he wanted to dig. I took notice that there was no log nor traces of fire; not a last scorched; and of course that made me suspect that all was not right. You can draw your own conclusions. Iron nails remaining bright in a wet, muddy condition for two or three thousand years! I was perfectly satisfied that Mr. Wyrick put the stone there the day before, which might easily have been done. The same mound had been opened once before, some two or three feet deep in the same place where the stone was exhumed. The two gentlemen who were with me are of the same opinion as myself. They both live here. Mr. Wyrick got up all the excitement he could over his pretended discovery, and charged twenty-five cents a ticket for permission to see the stone. He did very well for awhile, but the excitement soon died out. He then bartered it to Mr. Johnson, who resides in Coshocton, for a watch worth about ten dollars."

A DAILY contemporary which has the equivocal reputation of being "everything by turns and nothing long," is just now "down on the nigger." It treats us to "horrible developments" of what the freedmen are doing and going to do, and in accents of alarm and reprobation winds up by telling us that in Virginia things have come to such a pass and the demoralization of the negroes is so complete, that "in many portions of the State they have refused to make contracts to do farm labor for the next year, except as tenants or for a share of the crops!" Is it possible that the negro has found out that he is a freeman, and has a right to dispose of his own labor? The foggy "Radicals" have no doubt taught him some such incendiary doctrine. This same contemporary has the "exclusive" information that "the Spanish iron-clads Independencia and Huascar were expected to leave Coquimbo for the Pacific coast in a few days." As the vessels named are Peruvian, and as Coquimbo is a port of Chile, the point of the paragraph becomes obvious. The geography and politics of the *Herald* are about on par.

We hear much of the vast flow of German immigration to this country, but little of the ebb. The expense of living here, especially in our large cities, has become so great that men with mod-

erate incomes and families to educate and marry cannot stand it. They have found out that living and education in Germany cost far less than at home, and are settling in many of the continental towns, but especially in Stuttgart, where, a late visitor informs us, our countrymen greatly outnumber the English residents, and have nearly driven them out.

THAT great quantities of forged or counterfeit bonds and notes of our Government are in circulation every one, who knows anything of the matter, well understands. Conviction of the counterfeiters is difficult, and we regret to notice that most of these who are convicted soon after become "recipients of executive clemency." This is the euphemism for turning the scoundrels loose to renew their former practices. There is extant a letter of Newton, in which, as Master of the Mint, he feels compelled to advise his Majesty to let the law be executed upon a coin: he says such persons never reform, and they teach others.

A LEADING English Review speaks as follows of Mr. J. Disturnell's "Influence of Climate in North and South America," etc.:

"It treats only of America, but it contains a tolerably perfect account of American climates from the Arctic circle to Cape Horn. It is interesting and curious to observe how widely the climate of different places in the same latitude varies, as between the Atlantic and the Pacific coasts, the inland and the seaboard, the neighborhood of the Lakes and the waterless interior of the West. The extremes of American weather are also very noticeable, the thermometer frequently having a range of as much as 125 or 130 degrees in the Northern States, varying from a summer heat of 100 degrees to a winter cold of 30 degrees below zero. It would seem that such a climate must needs be unhealthy, yet the death-rate of the States is far lower than that of England; and that of Canada, with a summer that allows peaches and grapes to ripen in the open air, and a winter almost Arctic in its severity, is one of the healthiest in the world. It is impossible, even from a cursory perusal of the work, not to draw the inference that heat and cold have far less to do than is often supposed with human health; that a dry air with the thermometer at zero is less trying than one of our November fogs, and that a heat which would make an English town pestilential may be easily borne, if unaccompanied with the rains and moisture of England. Mr. Disturnell pointedly connects climatic fevers with a high dew-point. We notice, to our surprise, that fever is a far less terrible scourge to the South than is ordinarily supposed, hardly equaling the ravages of consumption in the North. Probably its deadliest influence is limited to a comparatively narrow area, and the high average of the sea-coast towns is counterbalanced by the comparative immunity of the mountain lands of the interior. Not the least valuable portions of Mr. Disturnell's work refer to the soils and products of different parts of the Continent, their actual crops and their potential capabilities."

THE crops of the year have proved most bounteous. In respect of wheat the sum total in bushels will exceed that of any harvest hitherto gathered in this country. It will surmount the figures of last year by 40,000,000 to 50,000,000. As an approximate estimate upon the present data 220,000,000 to 225,000,000 bushels may be received as the crop of the entire country for 1867. As regards cotton, the Bureau of Agriculture estimates the crop for the year at 2,500,000 bales—a practical disproval of the allegation that the abolition of slavery would terminate the production of cotton. The crops will soon exceed what they were before the war.

THE London *Pall Mall Gazette* says that a correspondent recently answered an advertisement in the *Times* proffering degrees for sale, and received the following reply: "Bush Lane, Cannon street. Dear Sir: The degrees I am able to procure are those of D. D., B. D., M. A., Ph. D., LL. D., and M. D. Please to inform me which of these you desire, and I will obtain it for you. I remain, yours truly, A. A."

THE entire correspondence relating to the attempted foundation of the Mexican empire and its fall is announced to be published by Duncker & Humblot at Leipzig, who also announce three more volumes of the Emperor Maximilian's memoirs and essays.

A WRITER in the London *Athenæum*, apropos of rectifications or emendations of certain passages in Shakespeare obviously wrong, suggests, with good reason, that the passage in Act V., Scene 1, of the "Midsummer Night's Dream," which, in our received versions, runs:

"Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is hot ice and wondrous strange snow,"

should be changed thus:

"Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is hot ice and wondrous sable snow."

This reading is more consonant with the evident sense of the couplet.

NO GRIEVANCE is greater to persons of moderate incomes than the demands made by benevolent busybodies, who, well off themselves, unfitted for practical life, and longing for employment, invent schemes for extracting subscriptions.

THE powerful reaction of America and its institutions on Europe is thus characterized by the London *Spectator*: "Three millions of Germans, half of them Southern Germans, have settled in America. Day by day hundreds of Germans quit their country for the New World, week by week dozens return utterly Americanized, month by month tons of American letters are distributed in every corner of the Empire—letters burning with a 'liberalism' stronger, redder, more implacable than that of the Anglo-Saxons. Ireland is scarcely more under the influence of America than Germany is, and of all the peoples now active among mankind the Americanized Germans are the most bitterly anti-sacerdotal, the most nearly akin to those whom we call in England Secularists. They shock and perplex even Americans, who care nothing about priests, and their influence acts on the Ultramontane Church like perpetual rain on plaster; and they are aided by a class as numerous, as powerful, and as anti-sacerdotal as themselves."

THE Emperor of Austria, when in Paris, was well received by the Parisians, who saw in him, first, a possible ally; and, secondly, a capital means of satirizing their Government. So they praised him loudly for granting liberty to the press, ministerial responsibility, right of meeting, and everything they would themselves like to have, but have not. "Huzza!" is the cry of the Faubourg St. Antoine for Austria, and "Liberté comme en Autriche!"

THE Parliament of North Germany has abolished all laws against usury. The majority of Germans have long been aware that a legal maximum for money is as absurd as a legal maximum for coals or corn, but the landlords have a notion that it enables them to borrow money on mortgage cheap. The Jews, they say, unless restrained by law, will cheat them, and they have actually carried a clause in the act providing that a mortgage on land may always be paid off at six months' notice, written agreements to the contrary notwithstanding.

HUMAN hair as merchandise is chiefly supplied to the world of fashion by France. Italy, Germany and Belgium likewise compete with France, but cannot beat her out of the field as to this supply of the raw material. Religious houses and nunneries supply large quantities. The price of undressed hair varies from 50 francs to 60 francs the kilo of 32 ounces. In 1865 the price rose from 65 francs to 100 francs the kilo. In France 68,000 kilogrammes of human hair are sold annually, 25,000 kilos of which are worked up into postiches. Thirteen thousand kilos are exported to foreign countries. The sale of the raw material and its value when worked into the plaits and puffs and chignons which adorn the heads of the belles, represent above 80,000,000 francs—that is about \$16,000,000.

WASHINGTON, before the rebellion, contained a population of 65,900 souls; but to-day it is said to have a population of 130,000, counting in the suburb of Georgetown. The buildings erected during the present year number not less than 1,500, and yet rents continue exorbitantly high, and comfortable dwellings are hard to obtain at any price. Northern ideas of business have taken the place of the old way of letting well enough alone, and there is a new spirit of enterprise prevailing, which promises to make the city worthy of being the national metropolis.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE newspapers of the past week have teemed with accounts of the late storms, which culminated in a hurricane that has devastated some of the islands in the Caribbean Sea, causing a fearful loss of life as well as a ruinous annihilation of property. The island of St. Thomas was first visited, and her beautiful harbor, so well sheltered from the trade winds of all seasons, turned in an instant to a boiling caldron of seething waters, which received the bodies of many sailors in their cold deathful grasp, not to be released till the dreadful day of judgment. The beautiful isle of Tortola, of the same size as our own Manhattan, though a range of hills 1,600 feet in height traversed it from one end to the other, is said to have been so completely submerged by the waters heaped up in that awful day and night during which the hurricane raged, that no living thing thereon escaped to tell the woe-tale. Eight hours elapsed while not a spot of that cultivated blooming island was visible; then the waters subsided, and the telegraph has already carried the mournful tidings around the world.

THE weather of New York City and vicinity has been of such an anomalous character, as makes it worthy of record, not as a wonderful freak of Nature, however, for the climate hereabouts is so very regular in being irregular, that your genuine Knickerbocker, when spoken to about it, always feels safe in predicting a change in the existing state of the weather, and a proof of this assertion it is only necessary to cite the prophets—from the sage of Brooklyn Heights, Mr. Merriam, to Thatcher of to-day—who publish daily the weather for to-morrow, basing their opinions apparently on the knowledge that no weather can last more than two days except very disagreeable north-east storms, which always hold on for three days. The week began and ended with snow, with rain, frost, heat, and storm filling the rest of the time, till one wonders whether the dear delightful Indian summer found in books and paintings, for which this country is celebrated through the above-mentioned mediums, are things of the past altogether. The cold snap has brought out the new furs and furbelows of upper-tendom, and the Bismarck brown of our summer and autumn fancy seems likely to give way to heavenly blue. Cloaks of sky-blue velvet, so different in cut, trimming, buttons and braid, as to defy accurate description in the small space of our Gossip, appeared everywhere in a day. Large white pearl buttons seemed to be the favorites of the majority, and the very ornate cloaks were few. The muff has changed its appearance again, and a bird's head now occupies the front lappet instead of the pretty animal head of last year. A Paris correspondent writes that in that city he has seen a muff of feathers. If so, they have not yet made a *début* in New York, nor can they be very popular. Few birds there are whose pets would make a handsome muff, but one cannot be sure what is beyond the capabilities or arts of a Parisian modiste. An Irish bard strongly recommends spring as the most fitting season for weddings, drawing his conclusions from the animal kingdom, saying that the little birds choose their mates at that time.

"Yes, even the bears do in couples agree," but now comes *changement de saison* in the cities, and the winter is the favorite time to get married. For what does a young lady most desire after she has secured a husband? None can doubt that a brilliant wedding and a round of balls, parties, *petits soupers*, etc., are nearest to her inmost heart, because, generous creature, she wishes to show the fashionable world what a treasure of a husband she has snatched from it "till death do us part."

THE Annual Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Diocese of New York has assembled and adjourned. The most important business transacted was the passing of a resolution which provides that, with the consent of the General Convention, this diocese shall be divided into three, the new ones being called the Diocese of Albany, containing the northern portion of the State, and the Diocese of Brooklyn, containing all

Long Island, the division to take place on the 18th of November, 1868.

Amusements in the City.

The week ending Wednesday, November 20, has been peculiarly unexciting in the line of city amusements, albeit there has been no lack of reasonably-creditable entertainments. The only operatic sensation was the first production in this country of Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," at the Academy on Friday evening the 15th, after a brief interregnum, and with the leading parts in the hands (and throats) of Miss Hauke as Juliet, Signor Puccini as Romeo, Signorina Ronconi as the Nurse, Signor Testa as Tybalt, Signor Orlandini as Mercutio, Signor Antonucci as Capulet, Madame Fleury as the Nurse, etc., Mr. Carl Bergman at the baton. The production has been made too late for critical comment this week; but enough may be said to give the understanding that the notable production and the return to popular prices which has accompanied it, cannot do otherwise than add materially to the brilliancy of the remaining season. "Roméo" will of course have many repetitions, and we shall comment on it hereafter. Madame Fanny Janaschek, meanwhile, has continued her round of German tragic performances, adding another to her powerful rôle in that of Marianne, in the drama of the same name. To close the operatic and musical, it may be remarked that the "Grande Duchesse" holds on its triumphant way at the Theatre Français; that the new Lyric Hall, Sixty Avenue, opposite Reservoir Square, was opened on Friday evening the 15th, with a grand orchestral concert under the direction of Theodore Thomas—grand concerts to be given there every Friday and Sunday evening throughout the winter; that the Ariot Society gave a grand concert at Steinway Hall on Tuesday evening the 14th; and that the Philharmonic, after several public rehearsals, gave their first concert at the Academy on Saturday evening the 16th, Carl Bergman conducting and the valuable aid added of Mad. Camille Uro, the violinist, and Mr. Richard Hoffman, the pianist.

Mr. A. S. Caswell, a promising young organist of Jersey City, gave the first of a series of concerts on Tuesday evening the 12th inst., at the Tabernacle, assisted by Madame Varian Hoffman, Miss M. E. Jones, Mr. J. R. Thomas and Mr. Edward Hoffman. Miss Jones, the debutante, was received with special favor—in fact achieved a positive success. Her voice is a contralto of rare quality, and with proper culture will become a feature in our concert-rooms. Mrs. Morris, the popular soprano of Dr. Adams's Church, of Madison Avenue, will be the leading artist for the second concert of the series.

Dramatically, the leading sensation has certainly been the production of Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's "Norwood" dramatized by Messrs. Augustine Daly and Joseph Howard, Jr., at the New York Theatre, on Monday evening the 11th. The whole affair is a remarkable one and almost paralyzes criticism if it does not disarm it. Rev. H. W. Beecher writes worse than he speaks; he writes novels worse than anything else; his novels, if they have merit, have precisely that domestic element exactly opposed to the dramatic, so that they must be inevitably worse on the stage than anywhere else; and add to this that the dramatization is made by precisely the persons least likely to be in rapport with the pastor of Plymouth Church, and produced at a house where stage and leading people have a mission for light play and burlesque if for anything—then some idea may be formed of the magnificent incongruity of the whole affair. Mr. Daly has much talent as a dramatist, but he has grappled his master. "Norwood" is trash of the most melancholy character; and though there are some good scene sets in the piece, and some pleasant effects, both are lost in the native inanity of material. As to the acting, the Worcester Sisters and Miss Gail Logan are splendidly out of place, the only spark of propriety being in the employment of Jennie as "that hard-boiled boy." Of the other representatives, by far the best is Mr. Welsh Edwards as the negro Pete, and after him comes Mr. Donnelly as the undertaker Turfmoor. If the day had not gone beyond all that, we should say that "Norwood" had all the features of a deserved failure, in spite of the talent employed on it and the commendable enterprise displayed by the management; and we should regret it the less, because the sooner that time comes when the newspaper notoriety of a story commands a place for it on the stage, the better. But as the day has gone beyond all that, who knows what may be its least of profitable life?

At Wallack's the fine old comedies have been the leading features, the leading characters in the able hands of Messrs. J. W. Wallack, E. L. Davenport, Gilbert, Madames Rose Eyttinger, Morant, etc. At the Olympic, the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with all the pleasant features before noted. At Niblo's the "Black Crook." At Barnum's, "Green Bushes," with the welcome re-creation of the Van Amburgh Menagerie on Monday the 18th. At the Bowery, Miss Fanny Morgan sings in Irish and miscellaneous characters. At the German Stadt Theatre, German Opera. At the New York Circus, Joseph Pflau, the Russian gymnast, leading the business. At the Fifth Avenue Theatre, burlesque and light-comedy still, Mrs. Sedley Brown replaced by Miss Blanche Chapman; and at the Theatre Comique, San Francisco Minstrels, Tony Pastor's, etc., a group of minor performances of excellent drollery. At Dodworth's, Haris, the Wizard, returned from Europe.

ART GOSSIP.

The season for art exhibition has now fully set in, and, as most of the artists have returned to town from their summer quarters, there will soon be material enough at hand to keep the critics and connoisseurs from going to rest during the winter.

The earliest symptom of the opening of the regular winter season was the private view of the pictures contributed by members of the Artists' Fund Society, which took place on the evening of Monday, November 11th. Owing to the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design, room could not be obtained in the building occupied by that association for the exhibition of the Artists' Fund pictures, which have consequently been placed on view in Putnam's Art Gallery, 661 Broadway. There are fewer pictures in this exhibition than we had been accustomed to see in former years; but this is owing to the fact that no pictures have been admitted except such as have been contributed specially for the benefit of the fund. In the landscape department, particularly, there are many interesting works now on view in the gallery. Many of the long-established painters are represented on the walls, and not a few of our younger artists are noticeable for the satisfactory progress made by them since last year. We shall give notes of the pictures in this exhibition from time to time. It will remain open until about December 22d.

And the first winter exhibition of the Academy of Design is now also open. A private view was given to members of the press, and other invited visitors, on the afternoon of Thursday, November 14th, and in the evening a large number of persons noted in the circles of literature, art, and fashion, attended the reception held in the galleries. These occasions are always very agreeable ones, and the reunion in question was no exception to the precedent. With regard to the pictures, we shall defer speaking of them until after we shall have made a thorough inspection of the galleries.

On the 26th of December one of the galleries of the Academy of Design will be occupied by the works of the Society of Painters in Water Colors, who have arranged for opening their inaugural exhibition on that day. Pictures will be received up to December 17th. A collection of landscapes by F. A. Butman is now on view in the Somerville Art Gallery, No. 82 Fifth Avenue. These pictures were exhibited privately to a number of

privileged visitors on Friday evening, November 15th, on which occasion they elicited much favorable comment. Mr. Butman had long been a resident of California, and his material is drawn chiefly from the striking scenery west of the Rocky Mountains, his studies from which are very numerous and varied. By-and-by we shall speak of his pictures more in detail.

Among the art-shows now open in this city, a very interesting one is the marble statue of Edwin Forrest, the work of Thomas Ball. The tragedian is represented in the character of "Coriolanus," which is, perhaps, the best of his personations for the display of his individualities and striking physical points. The figure is about six feet four inches in height, and the aspect of the statue, in general, is Roman to a wonderful degree. In form, as well as in face, the characteristics of the original are very happily rendered, and we have no hesitation in saying that this work raises Mr. Ball to a very high position amid the group of American sculptors.

Mr. Schaus has arrived from Europe, and will shortly have some important novelties on view in his gallery. It is probable that Constant Mayer's fine picture of "Maud Müller," which is now finished, will soon be placed on exhibition here. In this gallery there are now to be seen two very fine English engravings, by Simmons, after the paintings by Henry Barrand, an artist who has attained much renown in England, though his works are but little known here. The largest of these engravings is a view of the famous "Rotten Row," where the swells and belles of London are wont to disport themselves on fine afternoons, at the proper season of the year. It contains a great number of portraits, a key to which accompanies the engraving. The other print is a portrait one of the Prince and Princess of Wales, on horseback, and is executed with all the delicacy and gradation for which the English school of engraving is noted. These pictures, which are the property of a private connoisseur, are for sale.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

How to Settle the Roman Question—A Congress of Cardinals—German Centralization—Abyssinia.

THE temporal power of the Pope must "slide." There is a European opinion against its continuance, and its maintenance is adverse to the policy of the day. Even Austria has thrown off the temporal power, and Spain, with all her ignorance and bigotry, pulled down convents, kicked out the fraternities, and confiscated the revenues of the religious houses. No doubt the opinion of the Catholic Powers is "a Pope at Rome," and "Rome only." Beyond that, the "how" the Pope is to be there is a matter of arrangement. Why not enlarge the political borders of the sacred college? Let each Catholic country nominate a certain number of cardinals to the sacred college in proportion to the rank and importance of the power, so that there would be a perfectly independent sacred college of electors. These would elect a Pope, as the Pontificate became vacant, and would be inviolable in their persons, and correspondence, and homes, as the ambassadors of the countries to which they belonged. Their revenues—Pope and cardinals—should be guaranteed, and their jurisdiction in affairs purely spiritual and over the hierarchy left intact. But the civil government should be given up to "United Italy" for the best of all possible reasons, that it is impossible. No amount of French bayonets can sustain what public opinion has undermined, and Italy might flourish with King and Pope as Japan between Tycoon and Mikado. Make in fact the sacred college a European religious congress of Catholicism, in which the cardinals are the sacred ambassadors, presided over by their president, the pontiff. Why this cannot be done is inconceivable, except that the chief Catholic Powers desire to keep up this European "row" for the sake of intermeddling in the affairs of that unhappy peninsula. The English Government is said to have spoken out against the reoccupation of Rome, which may have had some weight; but the best card that has turned up for the Pope is the French nobility—and the old Bourbonist court hand—which has left the Faubourg St. Germain to splinter a lance for the Popedom against all comers, especially Garibaldians, with success at first, but what next we shall see.

In the meantime Prussia is binding another coil round South Germany. Her great instrument is the "Zollverein;" all Germany must enter it for this reason, that it is a question of profit and loss. Now the principles of a union always grow stronger, and commercial unity, unity of military and civil organization, or in other words, centralization, makes great headway in Germany. What Prussia offers is protection, military and civil, to the outlying States of Germany, and where else are they to find it? Certainly not in France, anxious for the left bank of the Rhine, or in Austria, a Slavonic rather than German power. So every day strengthens the hands of Prussia and increases the difficulties of France, and even an alliance with Austria, which is hatching or adding at the present moment, will not improve the position of France as regards Germany. It was that retroactive power, the "Austrian match," as it was called, which damaged the first empire, and it requires no prophet to foresee or foretell that it will do no good to the second. France itself cannot afford to be reactionary, else she must throw away her moral as well as her physical power. At the present moment Europe has less to hope from her than from Prussia or Italy, who are united at the moment by mutual interest. The Liberal portion of the French press are consequently adverse to the reoccupation of Rome, but the Papal party consider that the revolution has collapsed, and that the Emperor will support the Pope and coerce Italy, abandoning for the present all active interference in the affairs of Germany. The affair is coming off as I predicted in my former letter, reoccupation of Rome and no war with Germany.

Here the interest in the Abyssinian expedition has rather subsided. The chief difficulties are considered to be the physical and the kind of guerrilla warfare that the natives can carry on, wearying to a regular army. If Theodore has an adverse party against him in the country which will co-operate with a British force, the affair may possibly be brought to a successful issue; if they all unite against the invader, and run about in a guerrilla war, it may require some time to reduce the Abyssinian potentate to submission. He seems to hold in scorn every appeal that has been made to him, and must accordingly take his fate. No physical difficulties resist for any time a resolute enemy such as he will find the British force to be, so that sooner or later he will have to make terms and surrender the captives. No one likes the expedition here, as it will cost much, and no advantage, political or otherwise, is to be obtained from it—even a territorial compensation would be useless. It has been undertaken as a question of prestige in the East, and to assert the immunity of the "Clivis Britannicus" from Oriental insults and captivity. It is, however, one of those "little" wars which are as well avoided, and possibly might have been, had the captives possessed more prudence and a better appreciation of the character of that "sincere Christian" monarch, Theodore, who unites fanaticism to obstinacy, and who inherits neither the wisdom of Solomon nor the munificence of the Queen of Sheba.

SCIENCE, LITERATURE & STATISTICS.

A CYLINDRICAL vessel of fine red earth has been found at Athens, having on one side the word Demosion—"public." Either it was the public property, or, as may be said, "common" measure. It has the stamp of an owl and olive branch, emblems of the city of Athens. It seems to have been of considerable dimensions, although its size is not given, for its contents are stated to be nine French *decilitres* and six *millilitres*. It is supposed to have been an ancient *choenix*, or bushel.

M. NIEPCE DE ST. VICTOR, to whom photography is indebted for many highly important discoveries, has recently found that porous surfaces which have been exposed to the light have a definite decomposing action on salts of silver, when placed in contact with them in the dark.

AMONG the costs of a great city, the life item should be taken into account, as well as the money item. Last year 205 persons, nearly four a week, were killed in the streets of London by wheeled vehicles. This number includes the fatal cases, the deaths only; it would be doubled if all the injuries occasioned by wagons, carts and carriages were reckoned.

An alloy, called artificial gold, has recently attracted some attention in this country, from the supposition that its employment is likely to benefit our tin and copper workers. A contemporary gives the following account of it: It is composed of pure copper, 100 parts; pure tin, 17 parts; magnesia, 6 parts; tartar of commerce, 9 parts; sal ammoniac, 3-6 parts; and quicklime, 1-4 part. The copper is first melted, then the lime, magnesia, sal ammoniac, and tartar are added, little at a time, and the whole is briskly stirred for about half-an-hour, so as to mix thoroughly, after which the tin is thrown on the surface in small grains, stirring until entirely fused. The crucible is now covered, and the fusion kept up for about thirty-five minutes, when the dross is skimmed off, and the alloy found ready for use. It is quite malleable and ductile, and may be drawn, stamped, chased, beaten into powder or into leaves, like gold-leaf. In all of which conditions it is not distinguishable from gold even by good judges, except by its inferior weight.

AMONGST recent patents connected with photography is one taken out by Mr. G. Morvan, of New Jersey, for making transfers to lithographic stone, etc. A negative being obtained from the design, it is printed by light on paper, prepared as follows: A suitable paper, albuminized or not, is placed in a bath of sour milk, for the purpose of giving it greater strength and solidity. When taken from this it is allowed to dry at an ordinary temperature, and is coated with the following material: half a pound of French glue dissolved in a pint of water, added, while boiling, to a solution of one-third of an ounce of permanganate of potash in a quart of water, and used cool. The paper thus coated is dried in the dark, and exposed under the negative. After removing, and before developing, cover the first coating with another composed of equal parts of bitumen, white wax, and Burgundy pitch, dissolved in a sufficient quantity of essence of lavender to allow of its being spread smoothly over the surface. Let this also dry in the dark; after which place it with the black side upward in a bath of cold water, which dissolves those parts on which the light has not acted, and carries with it the superincumbent mixture of wax, bitumen and Burgundy pitch. The proof is finished by a few strokes of a sponge, and, when dry, can be transferred to lithographic stone, or to zinc or other metal, by contact and pressure in the ordinary manner; to be printed from, if on stone, and to be engraved with acids on the metal, the composition protecting the parts it covers from the action of the etching fluid.

A NEW method of testing armor-plates for ships has been introduced and tried at Chatham Dockyard, England, in which the detection of interior and unseen flaws is made by means of a magneto-electric current. The results are described as satisfactory and conclusive, whether in plates or bars, the smallest defects having been discovered. The same process can be used in the testing of great guns and rifle barrels, so that if the first results should be confirmed in repetition of the experiments, the authorities can at any time assure themselves of the strength or weakness of their artillery and armor-plates.

ONE of the wonders of California is a mammoth grape-vine at Montecito, near San Francisco. It was planted by a lady, Donna de Dominguez, over sixty-five years ago, from a slip which she had cut in Monterey county for a horse-whip. It is trained on a trellis about ten feet from the ground, and covers now a space of ninety-three feet by about fifty. The circumference of the trunk, five inches from the ground, is three feet three and a half inches; and eight feet high, just below the branches, it measures four feet and three inches. It bears about 8,000 pounds of grapes per annum, and is said to almost support the family which own it.

THE principal coins of Japan circulating anterior to 1858 were the gold *koban*, the gold *tsebu*, and the silver *tsebu*. The original *koban* of gold was worth about \$3.50. The gold *tsebu* was worth one-third of the gold *koban*, and the silver *tsebu* equaled in value 32 cents. At the time of the partial opening up of foreign trading transactions the *koban* circulated in Japan at 4 *tsibus*, although its European value was actually nearly 14 *tsibus*. The immediate consequence of this latter circumstance on the sharp traders of America and England was to induce them to buy up all the *kobans* that came in their way at the Japanese valuation. By this proceeding, which no doubt enlightened the poor natives, and revealed to them the truly commercial character of their new customers, the latter gained large sums of money. The lesson thus practically taught and forcibly illustrated was speedily learnt by the Japanese, who set about purchasing the remaining *kobans*. The result necessarily was a total disappearance of the *koban* from the channels of general circulation. Another result is that the Japanese are about coining the money, on the American standard, with American machinery.

THE Registrar-General of England has published a curious return of the number of suicides in England during the eight years from 1858 to 1865. They average 1,300 annually, and to every million of the population run thus in each successive year: 66, 64, 70, 68, 65, 66, 64 and 67. Hanging has always been the death generally adopted by suicides, 28 out of the ratio of 67 per million suicides falling under this head. After hanging follow cutting, stabbing or drowning, poisoning, and by firearms. The ratio of suicides per million of the respective populations in 1864 was 110 in France;

64 in England, 45 in Belgium, 30 in Italy, and 15 in Spain.

THE London Engineer says: "To such wonderful perfection has the process of manufacturing test objects for microscopes been carried, that M. Nobert, of Greifswald, in Prussia, has engraved lines upon glass so close together that upward of eighty thousand would go in the space of an English inch. Several series of these lines were engraved upon one slip of glass. By these the defining power of any object-glass could be ascertained. As test objects they are equal to, and even rival, many natural objects which have hitherto been employed for this purpose. The delicate lines on some of the diatomaceæ are separated from each other by the one fifty-thousandth part of an inch, while the finest lines engraved by M. Nobert are not more than the one-hundred-thousandth part of an inch apart."

THE total annual value of the gold and silver manufactured in France is set down at \$19,128,000. The number of manufacturers is 1250, and 20,500 persons find employment in the trade. Since 1855 the masters and workmen have formed themselves into a common association for the amicable adjustment of their respective interests.

Preparing for a Quiet Sunday Under The Operation of the Excise Law.

THE Excise Law, which the Legislature passed for the benefit of New York City, provides that no lager beer, ale, whiskey, wine or other liquors, shall be sold on Sunday, that is, from twelve o'clock on Saturday night to sunrise on Monday. Many devices have been gotten up by the liquor dealers to evade this law, but so far without material success. Our illustration shows the common method of buying a large supply of the ardent on Saturday for Sunday's consumption. The fourth ward in New York City comprises a large class of persons in moderate circumstances, day laborers, poor mechanics, and others whose sources of living are not so evident to the eye of the passer-by. With the pertinacity of the man who feels that as one of his dearest rights has been invaded by the law it has become his duty to evade or break that law, this class of people almost unanimously provide themselves with their liquor on Saturday night, even though some indispensable tool or article of clothing goes to the pawnbroker's to obtain the needed cash.

A PARISIAN correspondent writes:

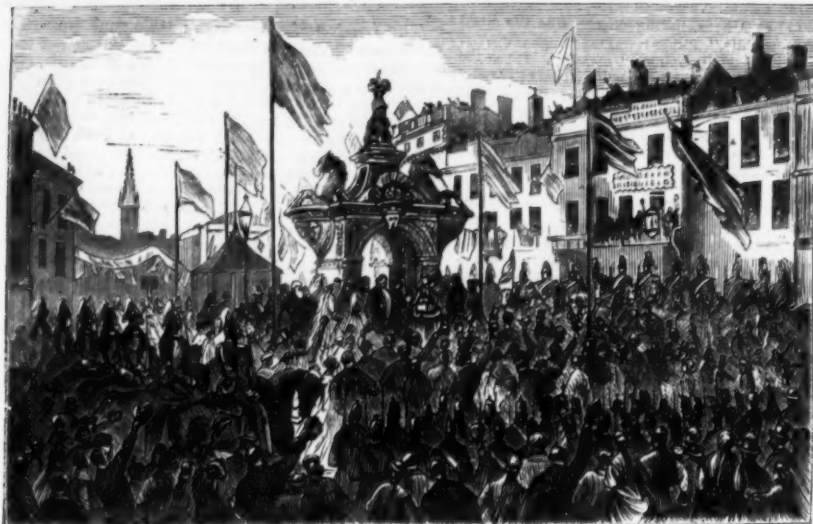
"The last days of the exhibition have arrived, the Commission having wisely determined to keep faith with the exhibitors by closing on the day originally named. There will be a few supplementary days for sales, probably, but on the 31st of October every exhibitor will be at liberty to remove his goods. This is well, for any departure from the original plan inflicts grievous hardship upon numbers of people whose arrangements are for the whole season of the Exhibition. Moreover, November is not the season for great exhibitions; the wind whistles through the long vistas, and the leaden sky takes the color and brilliancy out of the pretty things, and with them half their charm. The park still looks very pretty, but it is no longer a lounge, but a place for good brisk constitutional; much of the picturesqueness of the out-of-doors show has disappeared; the Egyptians, Levantines, Arabs, Nubians, etc., have gone shivering away, with their camels and asses, to a warmer and more congenial climate. The Cairo house is a deserted hall; the filigree makers no longer chatter and laugh amidst the blonde beauties of Western Europe; the barber's shop in the corner is as silent as a tomb; and the only sound in the place is the mournful patter of the small fountain in one corner, where in the August heats the blackest little imp that I ever saw used to dabble and amuse himself while washing the silversmith. The Viceroy's café is closed; the fragrant cup and pipe no longer await the visitor in that elegant snugery where the master of old Nile gave the world a lesson in hospitality. The little chattering Japanese looked nipped and miserable the other day in their pretty number cages; and the Chinese tea-sellers, I have no doubt, have learned the use of a French *chauffe-pieds*, if the foot-warmer, like so many more inventions, be not of Celestial origin. The Tunisian musicians still send forth their curious chant—they were first in the field, and they seem determined to be last; but before this letter appears Turks, Egyptians, Arabs, Tunisians, Nubians, Chinese, and Japanese will all have vanished, and the Champ de Mars will know them no more for ever."

A PLEASANT DAY.—The Frank Leslie Guards, composed of some of the most military of our employees, and under command of Captain Ray, made a target excursion on Thursday, the 14th of November, to Landmann's Hamilton Park. They are a fine, happy-looking, intelligent body of men, and numbered on the present occasion sixty-four muskets. Some idea may be formed of their popularity when we mention that their friends contributed no less than fifty-seven prizes, and valued at over \$2,000. Their festivities were of the most gratifying character, and nothing occurred to mar them. The target practice was very creditable to them. The invited guests, who seemed to enter into the festivities with great gusto, comprised some of the most eminent merchants, artists and literary men of the day, including some visitors from Boston and Philadelphia.



FAKE ITALY (7)

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.

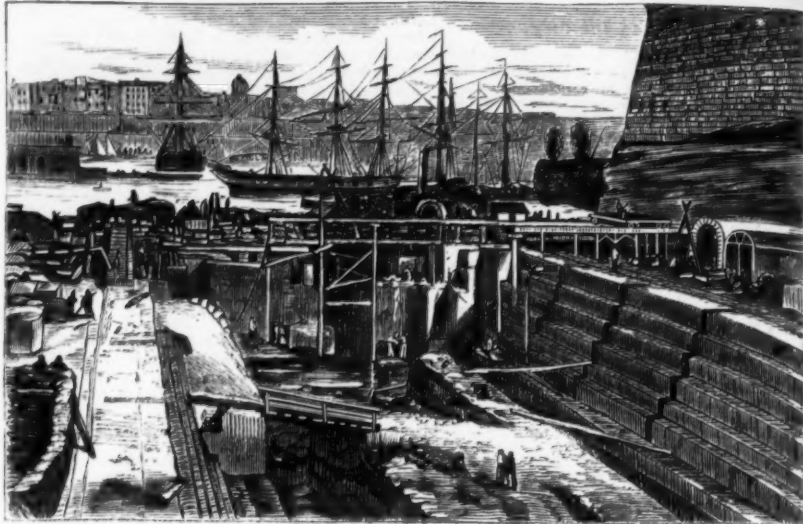


OPENING OF THE DUDLEY FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET PLACE, DUDLEY, ENGLAND.

Opening of the Dudley Fountain, in the Market Place, Dudley, England.

The practice of erecting drinking-fountains in the city well-nigh effaces all memories of "the old oaken

the beneficence of some private individual, for our fountains; but in England it is the Earl of this or Duke of that who donates the fountain. Our illustration represents the opening of a fountain in the town of



THE NEW DOCK AT MALTA.

The New Fish Market at Yarmouth, England.

Yarmouth, situated on the eastern shore of England at the mouth of the River Yare, has long been celebra-

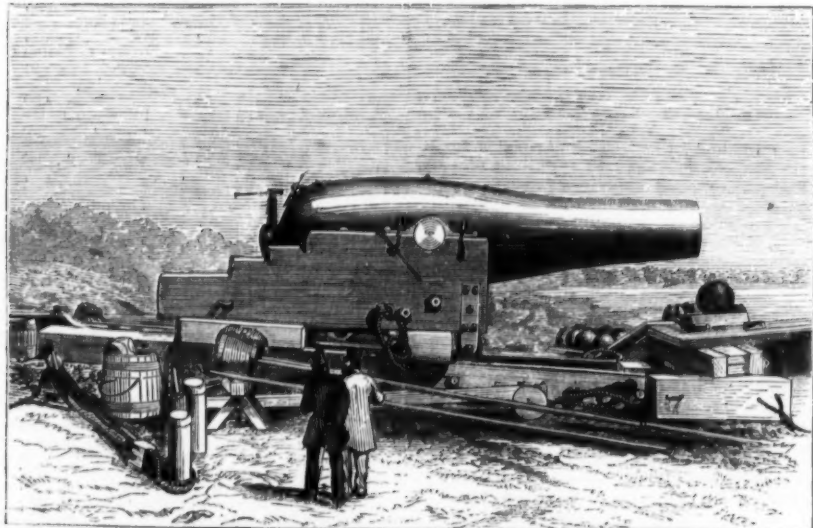
England, is the richest of all the seas of the world in the store of fish which it contains. And not only is fish so abundant there, but the quality is equal to the quantity, the fish being superior in flavor and nutri-



THE NEW FISH MARKET AT YARMOUTH, ENGLAND.



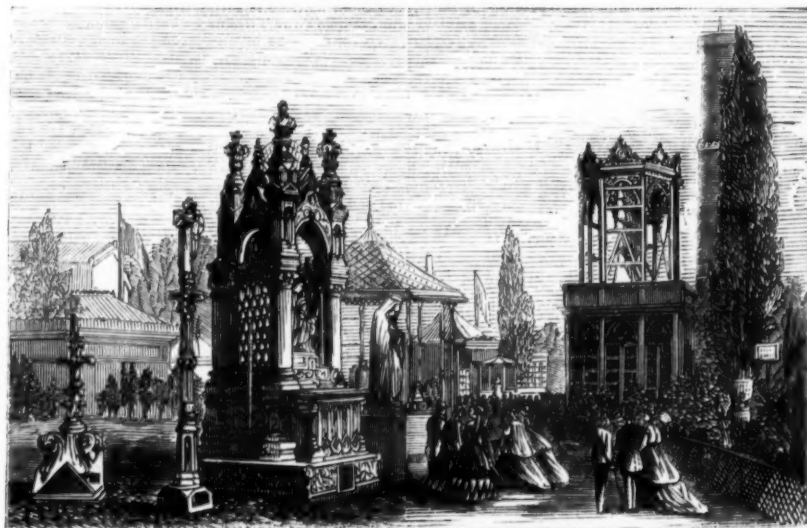
UNLOADING TEA SHIPS IN THE EAST INDIA DOCKS, LONDON, ENGLAND.



THE RODMAN GUN RECENTLY TESTED AT SHOEBURYNESSE, ENGLAND.

bucket, the iron-bound bucket" that may have hung in some well for each of us in our early days. In this country we are indebted to the city government, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, or

Dudley, England, by the Earl of Dudley and Ward, and the acknowledgment of the donation by the Deputy-Mayor, with thanks from the President of the Dudley Temperance Society.



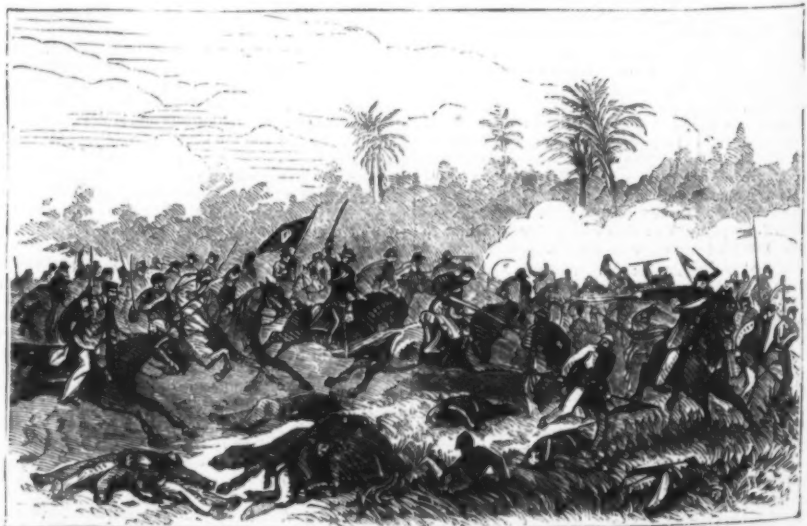
THE CHIME OF BELLS IN THE PARK AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION.

ted as the headquarters of all fishermen. Well indeed may it be so, for the great Northern Sea, or German Ocean, which washes the shores of the east coast of

tious qualities to that of any other sea in the world. This market has been erected on the side of the River Yare, above Yarmouth, and, although not a building of



CHILE—THE BAY OF VALPARAISO DURING THE RECENT HURRICANE.



THE WAR IN PARAGUAY—FIGHT AT PERU-HUE, NEAR RIO HONDO—CHARGE OF BRAZILIAN CAVALRY UNDER GEN. ANDRA DE NEVES.



THE DWARFS, KISS JOSZI, JEAN PICCOLO AND JEAN PETIT, IN THE PLAY OF "FLOTTE BURSCH," AT THE STADT THEATRE, NEW YORK CITY.—SEE PAGE 171.

imposing exterior, is, nevertheless, of great extent, having a wharfrage capable of accommodating the large fleet of boats that are continually unloading their fishy cargoes. The roof of the market is supported on iron pillars. The building is open toward the wharf but enclosed in the rear with doors which give access to the railroad, by whose aid fresh fish can be transported quickly to any part of the British Kingdom.

The Rodman Gun, recently Tested at Shoeburyness, England.

We here give a picture of the fifteen-inch Rodman gun, cast at Pittsburg, lately tested at Shoeburyness, England, where, by its great battering power, it considerably astonished the natives. It is not rifled, gives a round shot of 453 pounds, a velocity of 1,500 feet a second, with a charge of 100 pounds of powder, and easily pierces the eight-inch plates of the target representing a section of the hull of the celebrated frigate Warrior. The English authorities prefer the Armstrong gun or rifled guns, however, alleging that they are better at long range.

The Bay of Valparaiso, Chile, during the Recent Hurricane.

The Bay of Valparaiso, lately the scene of the Spanish bombardment, has been visited by a power that may not be gainsayed. On the 10th of August a terrific hurricane destroyed the shipping that had congregated here, expecting a safe harbor and sure anchorage. During the height of this storm five French sailors made the most heroic endeavors to reach and save a lady on a Danish ship, but the force of the wind dashed the frail row-boat, in which they braved the angry

waters, against the Danish vessel, shivering it to atoms. One of the daring crew was drowned, the other four being saved. A purse of \$500 was made up in Valparaiso for the unfortunate's relatives, as a mark of esteem for his gallant conduct.

The New Dock at Malta.

The giant steps which the science of shipbuilding has taken since 1860 has necessitated great alterations in the construction of the shipyards and dry docks of such a maritime nation as the English. We present our readers with a picture of a new dry dock at Malta, just finished. The new dock is about 475 feet in length, with 30 feet minimum depth of water on the sill of the gates at all tides, the width at the top being 102 feet, the width of the floor 45 feet, and the width of the en-



DANIEL DREW, ESQ.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.—SEE PAGE 171.

trance gates 80 feet. The excavation was first made in the soft rock of the island, and afterward finished with a harder stone from the island of Gozo. In this style of dry dock the ship is floated in, and the water must then be pumped out, leaving her high and dry. As the water subsides, shores are placed against the ship's sides, keeping her upright. In this country we more frequently use a floating dry dock, which is lowered under the ship, the water pumped out of the compartments of the dock, and the ship is raised to the surface by the buoyancy of the air in the water-proof compartments of the dock.

The Chime of Bells in the Park of the Paris Exhibition.

The chimes of bells in this country might be counted on one's fingers,

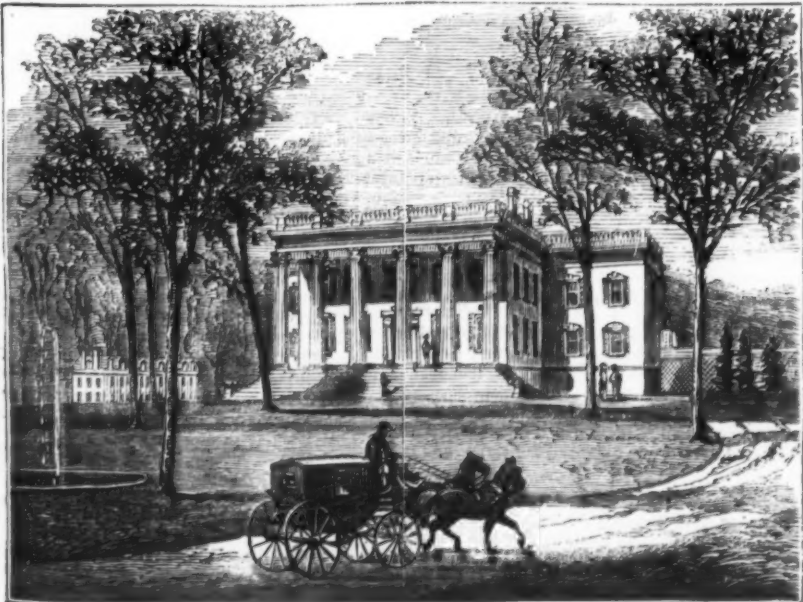
but in Europe they are much more numerous. One of the chief attractions of the Park of the Paris Exhibition is a chime composed of forty-three bells, comprising all the notes of the gamut, which perform delightfully each hour, when the great clock of the Exhibition strikes.

Charge of Brazilian Cavalry at Peru-Hue, Paraguay.

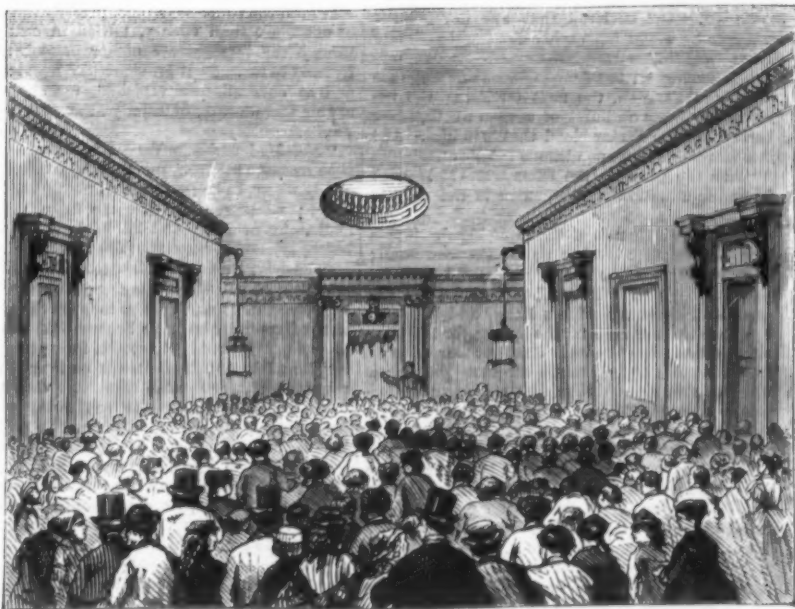
After a long inaction of over a year, the allies seem to have learned that temporizing, in war, is often more costly and murderous than the most desperate enterprise. Certain it is that the bullets of the Paraguayans have killed less of the allied army of Brazil and the Argentine Republic than have the fevers and miseries of the swamps of Paraguay. Awakening, then, from their sleep of twelve months before Humaita, the allies informed their enemies of the fact by crossing the marshes of Hembuco, and, after several brilliant engagements, succeeded in holding both banks of the Paraguay River, thus opening the route to Assumption, the capital of Paraguay. The cavalry charge pictured here was the most dashing engagement of the whole campaign, being made by General Andra de Neves for the purpose of rescuing General Mitre and staff from the enemy.

Unloading Tea Ships in the East India Docks, London, England.

The tea-trade is a very peculiar one, profitable or otherwise, as the persons employed therein are diligent or not. The races between the clippers with the new crop of tea are as exciting and are reported as faithfully as any event on the British racecourse, and the



THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY AT MADISON, NEW JERSEY.



THE DEDICATION OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, ON WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6.

names of the successful craft and her commander are duly recorded for preservation in the annals of fame among the wonderful doings of the men who are familiar with the workings of the great deep. Charles Roads, the great novelist, has given us in his novel, "Very Hard Cash," a full and interesting account of loading a ship with tea, with the music sung by the sailors as they stowed the cargo away. The work of unloading the ship on her arrival at the East India Docks in London is a very different piece of business. No sturdy sailor walks round a capstan to haul out the chests of tea, an engine does the work more swiftly, steadily and untriflingly. In order to keep the advantage of a quick passage, it is necessary to unload with the greatest dispatch, and the dock presents a lively scene during the whole operation.

WAITING.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

SWEET words, and kisses, and laughter,
Sweet words said under the breath,
Long smothering kisses—and after,
A blacker horror than death.

My cheeks are the color of roses,
My great eyes glimmer and shine,
My brows are the brows of a goddess,
My mouth is redder than wine.

I am fair, I am young, I am merry,
The world crouches down at my feet,
The Helen who fled with young Paris,
Was not more wondrously sweet.

And yet—there's a woman that's fairer,
Though her eyes are as dull as a stone;
She is fair, for she loves her—he loves her—
He makes her, and calls her, his own.

My cheeks are the color of roses,
But stamped with a deathly sign;
My brows are the brows of a goddess,
But crowned with a poisonous vine.

I am fair, I am young, I am merry,
I smile from morning to night,
But I groan and turn in my slumber,
My face grown haggard and white.

Some day I shall go to the woman
Who takes him away from me;
I shall kill her, and hide her securely,
And then—I think we shall see.

'Till then—loathed kisses, and laughter,
Sweet words said under the breath,
Long, smothering kisses—and after,
A blacker horror than death.

Taming a Tartar.

CHAPTER I.

"DEAR mademoiselle, I assure you it is an arrangement both profitable and agreeable to one, who, like you, desires change of occupation and scene, as well as support. Madame la Princesse is most affable, generous, and to those who please her, quite child-like in her affection."

"But, madame, am I fit for the place? does it not need accomplishments and graces which I do not possess? There is a wide difference between being a teacher in a *Pensionnat pour Demoiselles* like this and the companion of a princess."

"Ah, hah, my dear, it is nothing. Let not the fear of rank disturb you; these Russians are but savages, and all their money, splendor, and the polish Paris gives them, does not suffice to change the barbarians. You are the superior in breeding as in intelligence, as you will soon discover; and for accomplishments, yours will bear the test anywhere. I grant you Russians have much talent for them, and acquire with marvelous ease, but taste they have not, nor the skill to use these weapons as we use them."

"The princess is an invalid, you say?"
"Yes; but she suffers little, is delicate and needs care, amusement, yet not excitement. You are to chat with her, to read, sing, strive to fill the place of confidant. She sees little society, and her wing of the hotel is quite removed from that of the prince, who is one of the lions just now."

"Is it of him they tell the strange tales of his princely generosity, his fearful temper, childish caprices, and splendid establishment?"

"In truth, yes; Paris is wild for him, as for some magnificent savage beast. Madame la Comtesse Millefleur declared that she never knew whether he would fall at her feet, or annihilate her, so impetuous were his moods. At one moment showing all the complaisance and elegance of a born Parisian, the next terrifying the bachelors by some outburst of savage wrath, some betrayal of the Tartar blood that is in him. Ah! it is incredible how such things amaze one."

"Has the princess the same traits? If so, I fancy the situation of companion is not easy to fill."

"No, no, she is not of the same blood. She is a half-sister; her mother was a Frenchwoman; she was educated in France, and lived here till her marriage with Prince Toherinski. She detests St. Petersburg, adores Paris, and hopes to keep her brother here till the spring, for the fearful climate of the north is death to her delicate lungs. She is a gay, simple, confiding person; a child still in many things, and since her widowhood entirely under the control of this brother, who loves her tenderly, yet is a tyrant to her as to all who approach him."

I smiled at my loquacious friend gave me these hints of my future master and mistress, but in spite of all drawbacks, I liked the prospect, and what would have deterred another, attracted me. I was alone in the world, fond of experiences and adventures, self-reliant and self-possessed; eager for change, and anxious to rub off the rust of five years' servitude in Madame Bayard's Pensionnat. This new occupation pleased me, and but for a slight fear of proving unequal to it, I should have

at once accepted madame's proposition. She knew every one, and through some friend had heard of the princess's wish to find an English lady as companion and teacher, for a whim had seized her to learn English. Madame knew I intended to leave her, my health and spirits being worn by long and arduous duties, and she kindly interested herself to secure the place for me.

"Go then, dear mademoiselle, make a charming toilet and present yourself to the princess without delay, or you lose your opportunity. I have smoothed the way for you; your own address will do the rest, and in one sense, your fortune is made, if all goes well."

I obeyed madame, and when I was ready, took a critical survey of myself, trying to judge of the effect upon others. The long mirror showed me a slender, well-molded figure, and a pale face—not beautiful, but expressive, for the sharply cut, somewhat haughty features betrayed good blood, spirit and strength. Gray eyes, large and lustrous, under straight, dark brows; a firm mouth and chin, proud nose, wide brow, with waves of chestnut hair parted plainly back into heavy coils behind. Five years in Paris had taught me the art of dress, and a good salary permitted me to indulge my taste. Although simply made, I flattered myself that my promenade costume of silk and sable was *en règle*, as well as becoming, and with a smile at myself in the mirror I went my way, wondering if this new plan was to prove the welcome change so long desired.

As the carriage drove into the court-yard of the prince's hotel in the Champs Elysées, and a gorgeous *laquais* carried up my card, my heart beat a little faster than usual, and when I followed the servant in, I felt as if my old life ended suddenly, and one of strange interest had already begun.

The princess was not ready to receive me yet, and I was shown into a splendid *salon* to wait. My entrance was noiseless, and as I took a seat, my eyes fell on the half-drawn curtains which divided the room from another. Two persons were visible, but as neither saw me in the soft gloom of the apartment, I had an opportunity to look as long and curiously as I pleased. The whole scene was as unlike those usually found in a Parisian *salon* as can well be imagined.

Though three o'clock in the afternoon, it was evidently early morning with the gentleman stretched on the ottoman, reading a novel and smoking a Turkish chibouk—for his costume was that of a Russian seigneur in *déshabillé*. A long Caucasian castan of the finest white sheepskin, a pair of loose black velvet trousers, bound round the waist by a rich shawl, and Kasan boots of crimson leather, ornamented with golden embroidery on the instep, covered a pair of feet which seemed disproportionately small compared to the unusually tall, athletic figure of the man; so also did the head with a red silk handkerchief bound over the thick black hair. The costume suited the face; swarthy, black-eyed, scarlet-lipped, heavy-browed and beardless, except a thick mustache; serfs wear beards, but Russian nobles never. A strange face, for even in repose the indescribable difference of race was visible; the contour of the head, molding of the features, hue of hair and skin, even the attitude, all betrayed a trace of the savage strength and spirit of one in whose veins flowed the blood of men reared in tents, and born to lead wild lives in a wild land.

This unexpected glance behind the scenes interested me much, and I took note of everything within my ken. The book which the slender brown hand held was evidently a French novel, but when a lap-dog disturbed the reader, it was ordered off in Russian with a sonorous oath, I suspect, and an impatient gesture. On a gueridon, or side-table, stood a velvet *porte-cigars*, a box of sweetmeats, a bottle of Bordeaux, and a tall glass of cold tea, with a slice of lemon floating in it. A musical instrument, something like a mandolin, lay near the ottoman, a piano stood open, with a sword and helmet on it, and sitting in a corner, noiselessly making cigarettes, was a half-grown boy, a serf I fancied, from his dress and the silent, slavish way in which he watched his master.

The princess kept me waiting long, but I was not impatient, and when I was summoned at last I could not resist a backward glance at the brilliant figure I left behind me. The servant's voice had roused him, and, rising to his elbow, he leaned forward to look, with an expression of mingled curiosity and displeasure in the largest, blackest eyes I ever met.

I found the princess, a pale, pretty little woman of not more than twenty, buried in costly furs, though the temperature of her boudoir seemed tropical to me. Most gracious was my reception, and at once all fear vanished, for she was as simple and wanting in dignity as any of my young pupils.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Varna, you come in good time to spare me from the necessity of accepting a lady whom I like not. She is excellent, but too grave; while you reassure me at once by that smile. Sit near me, and let us arrange the affair before my brother comes. You incline to give me your society, I infer from the good Bayard?"

"If Madame la Princesse accepts my services on trial for a time, I much desire to make the attempt, as my former duties have become irksome, and I have a great curiosity to see St. Petersburg."

"Mon Dieu! I trust it will be long before we return to that detestable climate. *Chère mademoiselle*, I entreat you to say nothing of this desire to my brother. He is mad to go back to his wolves, his ice and his barbarous delights; but I cling to Paris, for it is my life. In the spring it is inevitable, and I submit—but not now. If you come to me, I conjure you to aid me in delaying the return, and shall be forever grateful if you help to secure this reprieve for me."

So earnest and beseeching were her looks, her words, and so entirely did she seem to throw herself upon my sympathy and good-will, that I could not but be touched and won, in spite of my surprise. I assured her that I would do my best,

but could not flatter myself that any advice of mine would influence the prince.

"You do not know him; but from what Bayard tells me of your skill in controlling wayward wills and hot tempers, I feel sure that you can influence Alexis. In confidence, I tell you what you will soon learn, if you remain: that though the best and tenderest of brothers, the prince is hard to manage, and one must tread cautiously in approaching him. His will is iron; and a decree once uttered is as irrevocable as the laws of the Medes and Persians. He has always claimed entire liberty for himself, entire obedience from every one about him; and my father's early death leaving him the head of our house, confirmed these tyrannical tendencies. To keep him in Paris is my earnest desire, and in order to do so I must seem indifferent, yet make his life so attractive that he will not command our departure."

"One would fancy life could not but be attractive to the prince in the gayest city of the world," I said, as the princess paused for breath.

"He cares little for the polished pleasures which delight a Parisian, and insists on bringing many of his favorite amusements with him. His caprices amuse the world, and are admired, but they annoy me much. At home he wears his Russian costume, orders the horrible dishes he loves, and makes the apartments unendurable with his samovar, chibouk and barbarous ornaments. Abroad he drives his droschky with the *Ischvostchik* in full St. Petersburg livery, and wears his uniform on all occasions. I say nothing, but I suffer."

It required a strong effort to repress a smile at the princess's pathetic lamentations and the martyr-like airs she assumed. She was infinitely amusing with her languid or vivacious words and attitudes; her girlish frankness and her feeble health interested me, and I resolved to stay even before she asked my decision.

I sat with her an hour, chatting of many things, and feeling more and more at ease as I read the shallow but amiable nature before me. All arrangements were made, and I was about taking my leave when the prince entered unannounced, and so quickly that I had not time to make my escape.

He had made his toilet since I saw him last, and I found it difficult to recognize the picturesque figure on the ottoman in the person who entered wearing the ordinary costume of a well-dressed gentleman. Even the face seemed changed, for a cold, haughty expression replaced the thoughtful look it had worn in repose. A smile softened it as he greeted his sister, but it vanished as he turned to me, with a slight inclination, when she whispered my name and errand, and while she explained he stood regarding me with a look that angered me. Not that it was insolent, but supremely masterful, as if those proud eyes were accustomed to command whomsoever they looked upon. It annoyed me, and I betrayed my annoyance by a rebellious glance, which made him lift his brows in surprise as a half smile passed over his lips. When his sister paused, he said, in the purest French, and with a slightly imperious accent:

"Mademoiselle is an Englishwoman?"
"My mother was English, my father of Russian parentage, although born in England."

I knew not by what title to address the questioner, so I simplified the matter by using none at all.

"Ah, you are half a Russian, then, and naturally desire to see your country?"

"Yes, I have long wished it," I began, but a soft cough from the princess reminded me that I must check my wish till it was safe to express it.

"We return soon, and it is well that you go willingly. Mademoiselle sets you a charming example, Nadja; I indulge the hope that you will follow it."

As he spoke the princess shot a quick glance at me, and answered, in a careless tone:

"I seldom disappoint your hopes, Alexis; but mademoiselle agrees with me that St. Petersburg at this season is unendurable."

"Has mademoiselle tried it?" was the quiet reply, as the prince fixed his keen eyes full upon me, as if suspecting a plot.

"Not yet, and I have no desire to do so—the report satisfies me," I answered, moving to go.

The prince shrugged his shoulders, touched his sister's cheek, bowed slightly, and left the room as suddenly as he had entered.

The princess chid me playfully for my *mal-adresse*, begged to see me on the morrow, and graciously dismissed me. As I waited in the great hall a moment for my carriage to drive round, I witnessed a little scene which made a curious impression on me. In a small ante-room, the door of which was ajar, stood the prince, drawing on his gloves, while the lad whom I had seen above was kneeling before him, fastening a pair of furlined overshoes. Something was amiss with one clasp, the prince seemed impatient, and after a sharp word in Russian, angrily lifted his foot with a gesture that sent the lad backward with painful violence. I involuntarily uttered an exclamation. The prince turned quickly, and our eyes met. Mine I know were full of indignation and disgust, for I resented the kick more than the poor lad, who, meekly gathering himself up, finished his task without a word, like one used to such rebukes.

The haughtiest surprise was visible in the face of the prince, but no shame; and as I moved away I heard a low laugh, as if my demonstration amused him.

"Laugh if you will, Monsieur le Prince, but remember all your servants are not serfs," I muttered, treacherously, as I entered the carriage.

CHAPTER II.

ALL went smoothly for a week or two, and I not only found my new home agreeable but altogether luxurious, for the princess had taken a fancy to me and desired to secure me by every means in her power, as she confided to Madame Bayard. I had been in a treadmill so long that any change would have been pleasant, but this life was as

charming as anything but entire freedom could be. The very caprices of the princess were agreeable, for they varied what otherwise might have been somewhat monotonous, and her perfect simplicity and frankness soon did away with any shyness of mine. As madame said, rank was nothing after all, and in this case princess was but a name, for many an untitled Parisienne led a gayer and more splendid life than Nadja Toherinski, shut up in her apartments and dependent upon those about her for happiness. Being younger than myself, and one of the clinging, confiding women who must lean on some one, I soon felt that protective fondness which one cannot help feeling for the weak, the sick, and the unhappy. We read English, embroidered, sung, talked, and drove out together, for the princess received little company and seldom joined the revels which went on in the other wing of the hotel.

The prince came daily to visit his sister, and she always exerted herself to make these brief interviews as agreeable as possible. I was pressed into the service, and sung, played, or talked as the princess signified—finding that, like most Russians of good birth, the prince was very accomplished, particularly in languages and music. But in spite of these gifts and the increasing affability of his manners toward myself, I always felt that under all the French polish was hidden the Tartar wildness, and often saw the savage in his eye while his lips were smiling blandly. I did not like him, but my vanity was gratified by the daily assurances of the princess that I possessed and exerted an unconscious influence over him. It was interesting to match him, and soon exciting to try my will against his in covert ways. I did not fear him as his sister did, because over me he had no control, and being of as proud a spirit as himself, I paid him only the respect due to his rank, not as an inferior, but an equal, for my family was good, and he lacked the real princeliness of nature which commands the reverence of the highest. I think he felt this instinctively, and it angered him; but he betrayed nothing of it in words, and was coolly courteous to the incomprehensible *dame-de-compagnie* of his sister.

My apartments were near the princess's, but I never went to her till summoned, as her hours of rising were uncertain. As I sat one day awaiting the call of Claudine, her maid came to me looking pale and terrified.

"Madame la Princesse waits, mademoiselle, and begs you will pardon this long delay."

"What agitates you?" I asked, for the girl glanced nervously over her shoulder as she spoke, and seemed eager, yet afraid to speak.

Ah, mademoiselle, the prince has been with her, and so afflicted her, it desolates me to behold her. He is quite mad at times, I think, and terrifies us by his violence. Do not breathe to any one this that I say, and comfort madame if it is possible, and with her finger on her lips the girl hurried away.

I found the princess in tears, but the moment I appeared she dropped her handkerchief to exclaim with a gesture of despair: "We are lost! We are lost! Alexis is bent on returning to Russia and taking me to my death. *Chère Sybil* what is to be done?"

"Refuse to go, and assert at once your freedom; it is a case which warrants such decision," was my revolutionary advice, though I well knew the princess would as soon think of firing the Tuileries as opposing her brother.

"It is impossible, I am dependent on him, he never would forgive such an act, and I should repent it to my last hour. No, my hope is in you, for you have eloquence, you see my feeble state, and you can plead for me as I cannot plead for myself."

"Dear madame, you deceive yourself. I have no eloquence, no power, and it is scarcely for me to come between you and the prince. I will do my best, but it will be in vain, I think."

"No, you do not fear him, he knows that, and it gives you power; you can talk well, can move and convince; I often see this when you read and converse with him, and I know that he would listen. Ah, for my sake make the attempt, and save me from that dreadful place!" cried the princess imploringly.

"Well, madame, tell me what passed, that I may know how to conduct the matter. Is a time for departure fixed?"

"No, thank heaven; if it were I should despair, for he would never revoke his orders. Something has annoyed him; I fancy a certain lady frowns upon him; but be that as it may, he is eager to be gone, and desired me to prepare to leave Paris. I implored, I wept, I reproached, and caressed, but nothing moved him, and he left me with the look which forebodes a storm."

"May I venture to ask why the prince does not return alone, and permit you to join him in the spring?"

"Because when my poor Feodor died he gave me into my brother's care, and Alexis swore to guard me as his life. I am so frail, so helpless, I need a faithful protector, and but for his fearful temper I should desire no better one than my brother. I owe everything to him, and would gladly obey even in this matter but for my health."

"Surely he thinks of that? He will not endanger your life for a selfish wish?"

"He thinks me fanciful, unreasonably fearful, and that I make this an excuse to have my own way. He is never ill, and knows nothing of my suffering, for I do not annoy him with complaints."

"Do you not think, madame, that if we could once convince him of the reality of the danger he would relent?"

"Perhaps; but how convince him? he will listen to no one."

"Permit me to prove that. If you will allow me to leave you for an hour I fancy I can find a way to convince and touch the prince."

The princess embraced me cordially, bade me go at once, and return soon, to satisfy her curi-

city. Leaving her to rest and wonder, I went quietly away to the celebrated physician who at intervals visited the princess, and stating the case to him, begged for a written opinion which, coming from him, would, I knew, have weight with the prince. Dr. Segarde at once complied, and strongly urged the necessity of keeping the princess in Paris some months longer. Armed with this, I hastened back, hopeful and gay.

The day was fine, and wishing to keep my errand private, I had not used the carriage placed at my disposal. As I crossed one of the long corridors, on my way to the princess, I was arrested by howls of pain and the sharp crack of a whip, proceeding from an apartment near by. I paused involuntarily, longing yet fearing to enter and defend poor Mouche, for I recognized his voice. As I stood, the door swung open and the great hound sprang out, to cower behind me, with an imploring look in his almost human eyes. The prince followed, whip in hand, evidently in one of the fits of passion which terrified the household. I had seen many demonstrations of wrath, but never anything like that, for he seemed literally beside himself. Pale as death, with eyes full of savage fire, teeth set, and hair bristling like that of an enraged animal, he stood fiercely glaring at me. My heart fluttered for a moment, then was steady, and feeling no fear, I lifted my eyes to his, freely showing the pity I felt for such utter want of self-control.

It irritated him past endurance, and pointing to the dog, he said, in a sharp, low voice, with a gesture of command:

"Go on, mademoiselle, and leave Mouche to his fate."

"But what has the poor beast done to merit such brutal punishment?" I asked, coolly, remaining where I was.

"It is not for you to ask, but to obey," was the half-breathless answer, for a word of opposition increased his fury.

"Pardon, Mouche takes refuge with me; I cannot betray him to his enemy."

The words were still on my lips, when, with a step, the prince reached me, and towering above me like the incarnation of wrath, cried fiercely, as he lifted his hand menacingly:

"If you thwart me it will be at your peril!"

I saw he was on the point of losing all control of himself, and seizing the upraised arm, I looked him in the eye, saying steadily:

"Monsieur le Prince forgets that in France it is dangerously to strike a woman. Do not disgrace yourself by any Russian brutality."

The whip dropped from his hand, his arm fell, and turning suddenly, he dashed into the room behind him. I was about to make good my retreat, when a strange sound made me glance into the room. The prince had flung himself into a chair, and sat there actually choking with the violence of his passion. His face was purple, his lips pale, and his eyes fixed, as he struggled to unclasp the great sable-lined cloak he wore. As he then looked I was afraid he would have a fit, and never stopping for a second thought, I hurried to him, undid the cloak, loosened his collar, and filling a glass from the *carafe* on the sideboard, held it to his lips. He drank mechanically, sat motionless a moment, then drew a long breath, shivered as if recovering from a swoon, and glanced about him till his eye fell on me. It kindled again, and passing his hand over his forehead as if to collect himself, he said abruptly:

"Why are you here?"

"Because you needed help, and there was no one else to give it," I answered, refilling the glass, and offering it again, for his lips seemed dry.

He took it silently, and as he emptied it at a draught his eye glanced from the whip to me, and a scarlet flush rose to his forehead.

"Did I strike you?" he whispered, with a shame-stricken face.

"If you had we should not have been here."

"And why?" he asked, in quick surprise.

"I think I should have killed you, or myself, after such degradation. Unwomanly, perhaps, but I have a man's sense of honor."

It was an odd speech, but it rose to my lips, and I uttered it impulsively, for my spirit was roused by the insult. It served me better than tears or reproaches, for his eye fell after a furtive glance, in which admiration, shame and pride contended, and forcing a smile, he said, as if to hide his discomposure.

"I have insulted you; if you demand satisfaction I will give it, mademoiselle."

"I do," I said, promptly.

He looked curious, but seemed glad of anything which should divert his thoughts from himself, for with a bow and a half smile, he said, quickly:

"Will mademoiselle name the reparation I shall make her? Is it to be pistols or swords?"

"It is pardon for poor Mouche."

His black brow lowered, and the thunderbolt veins on his forehead darkened again with the angry blood, not yet restored to quietude. It cost him an effort to say gravely:

"He has offended me, and cannot be pardoned yet; ask anything for yourself, mademoiselle."

I was bent on having my own way, and making him submit as a penance for his unwomanly menace. Once conquer his will, in no matter how slight a degree, and I had gained a power possessed by no other person. I liked the trial, and would not yield one jot of the advantage I had gained; so I answered, with a smile I had never worn to him before:

"Monsieur le Prince has given his word to grant me satisfaction; surely he will not break it, whatever atonement I demand! Ah, pardon Mouche, and I forget the rest."

I had fine eyes, and knew how to use them; as I spoke I fixed them on the prince with an expression half-imploping, half-commanding, and saw in his face a wish to yield, but pride would not permit it.

"Mademoiselle, I ordered the dog to follow me; he refused, and for that I would have punished him. If I relent before the chastisement is finished I lose my power over him, and the offense will be repeated. Is it not possible to satisfy you without ruining Mouche?"

"Permit me one question before I reply. Did you give yourself the trouble of discovering the cause of the dog's unusual disobedience before the whip was used?"

"No; it is enough for me that the brute refused to follow. What cause could there have been for his rebelling?"

"Call him and it will appear."

The prince ordered in the dog; but in vain; Mouche crouched in the corridor with a forlorn air, and answered only by a whine. His master was about to go to him angrily, when, to prevent another scene, I called, and at once the dog came limping to my feet. Stooping, I lifted one paw, and showed the prince a deep and swollen wound, which explained the poor brute's unwillingness to follow his master on the long daily drive. I was surprised at the way in which the prince received the rebuke; I expected a laugh, a careless or a haughty speech, but like a boy he put his arm about the hound, saying almost tenderly:

"Pardon, pardon, my poor Mouche! Who has hurt thee so cruelly? Forgive me the whip; thou shalt never feel it again."

Like a noble brute as he was, Mouche felt the change, understood, forgave, and returned to his allegiance at once, lifting himself to lick his master's hand and wag his tail in token of affection. It was a pretty little scene, for the prince laid his face on the smooth head of the dog, and half-whispered his regrets, exactly as a generous-hearted lad would have done to the favorite whom he had wronged in anger. I was glad to see it, childish as it was, for it satisfied me that this household tyrant had a heart, and well pleased with the ending of this stormy interview, I stole noiselessly away, carrying the broken whip with me as a trophy of my victory.

To the princess I said nothing of all this, but cheered her with the doctor's note and somewhat rash prophecies of its success. The prince seldom failed to come morning and evening to inquire for his sister, and as the time drew near for the latter visit we both grew anxious. At the desire of the princess I placed myself at the piano, hoping that "music might soothe the savage breast," and artfully prepare the way for the appeal. One of the prince's whims was to have rooms all over the hotel and one never knew in which he might be. That where I had first seen him was near the suite of the princess, and he often stepped quietly in when we least expected him. This habit annoyed his sister, but she never betrayed it, and always welcomed him, no matter how inopportune his visit might be. As I sat playing I saw the curtains that hung before the door softly drawn aside, and expected the prince to enter, but they fell again and no one appeared. I said nothing, but thundered out the Russian national airs with my utmost skill, till the soft scent of flowers and a touch on my arm made me glance down, to see Mouche holding in his mouth a magnificent bouquet, to which was attached a card bearing my name.

I was pleased, yet not quite satisfied, for in this Frenchy little performance I fancied I saw the prince's desire to spare himself any further humiliation. I did not expect it, but I did wish he had asked pardon of me as well as of the dog, and when among the flowers I found a bracelet shaped like a coiled up golden whip with a jeweled handle, I would have none of it, and giving it to Mouche, bid him take it to his master. The docile creature gravely retired, but not before I had discovered that the wounded foot was carefully bound up, that he wore a new silver collar, and had the air of a dog who had been petted to his heart's content.

The princess from her distant couch had observed but not understood the little pantomime, and begged to be enlightened. I told the story, and was amused at the impression it made upon her, for when I paused she clasped her hands, exclaiming, theatrically:

"*Mon Dieu*, that any one should dare face Alexis in one of his furies! And you had no fear? you opposed him? made him spare Mouche and ask pardon? It is incredible!"

"But I could not see the poor beast half killed, and I never dreamed of harm to myself. Of that there could be no danger, for I am a woman, and the prince a gentleman," I said, curious to know how that part of the story would affect the princess.

"Ah, my dear, those who own sorrows see in childhood so much cruelty, they lose that horror of it which we feel. Alexis has seen many women beaten when a boy, and though he forbids it now, the thing does not shock him as it should. When in these mad fits he knows not what he does; he killed a man once, a servant, who angered him, struck him dead with a blow. He suffered much remorse, and for a long time was an angel; but the wild blood cannot be controlled, and he is the victim of his passion. It was like him to send the flowers, but it will mortally offend him that you refuse the bracelet. He always consoles me with some bijou after he has made me weep, and I accept it, for it relieves and calms him."

"Does he not express contrition in words?"

"Never! he is too proud for that. No one dares demand such humiliation, and since he was not taught to ask pardon when a child, one cannot expect to teach the lesson now. I fear he will not come to-night; what think you, Sybil?"

"I think he will not come, but what matter? Our plan can be executed at any time. Delay is what we wish, and this affair may cause him to forget the other."

"Ah, if it would, I should bless Mouche almost as fervently as when he saved Alexis from the wolves."

"Does the prince owe his life to the dog?"

"In truth he does, for in one of his bear hunts

at home he lost his way, was beset by the ferocious beasts, and but for the gallant dog would never have been saved. He loves him tenderly, and—"

"Breaks whips over the brave creature's back," I added, rudely enough, quite forgetting etiquette in my indignation.

The princess laughed, saying, with a shrug:

"You English are such stern judges."

THE LAST CHRONICLE OF BARSET.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER LXXX.—MR. CRAWLEY IS CONQUERED.

It was more than a week before the archdeacon received a reply from Mr. Crawley, during which time the dean had been over at Hogglestock more than once, as had also Mrs. Arabin and Lady Lufton the younger—and there had been letters written without end, and the archdeacon had been nearly beside himself. "A man who pretends to conscientious scruples of that kind is not fit to have a parish," he had said to his wife. His wife understood what he meant, and I trust that the reader may also understand it. In the ordinary cutting of blocks a very fine razor is not an appropriate instrument. The archdeacon, moreover, loved the temporalities of the church as temporalities. The church was beautiful to him because one man by interest might have a thousand a year, while another man equally good, but without interest, could only have a hundred. And he liked the men who had the interest a great deal better than the men who had it not. He had been willing to admit this poor perpetual curate, who had so long been kept out in the cold, within the pleasant circle which was warm with ecclesiastical good things, and the man hesitated—because of scruples, as the dean told him!

"I always button up my pocket when I hear of scruples," the archdeacon said.

"But at last Mr. Crawley condescended to accept St. Ewolds."

"Reverend and dear sir," he said in his letter.

"For the personal benevolence of the offer made to me in your letter of the instant, I beg to tender you my most grateful thanks; as also for your generous kindness to me, in telling me of the high praise bestowed upon me by a gentleman who is now no more—whose character I have esteemed and whose good opinion I value. There is, methinks, something inexpressibly dear to me in the recorded praise of the dead. For the further instance of the friendship of the Dean of Barchester, I am also thankful."

"Since the receipt of your letter I have doubted much as to my fitness for the work you have proposed to entrust to me—not from any feeling that the parish of St. Ewolds may be beyond my intellectual power, but because the latter circumstances of my life have been of a nature so strange and perplexing, that they have left me somewhat in doubt as to my own aptitude for going about among men without giving offense and becoming a stumbling-block."

"Nevertheless, reverend and dear sir, if after this confession on my part of a certain faulty demeanor with which I know well that I am afflicted, you are still willing to put the parish into my hands, I will accept the charge—instituted to do so by the advice of all whom I have consulted on the subject; and in thus accepting it, I hereby pledge myself to vacate it at a month's warning, should I be called upon to do so at any period within the next two years. Should I be so far successful during those twenty-four months as to have satisfied both yourself and myself, I may then perhaps venture to regard the preferment as my own in perpetuity for life."

"I have the honor to be, reverend and dear sir,

"Your most humble and faithful servant,

"JOSIAH CRAWLEY."

At this time Grace was at the parsonage in a seventh heaven of happiness. The archdeacon was never rough to her, nor did he make any of his harsh remarks about her father in her presence. Before her St. Ewolds was spoken of as the home that was to belong to the Crawleys for the next twenty years.

Mrs. Granly was very loving with her, lavishing upon her pretty presents, and words that were prettier than the presents. Grace's life had hitherto been so destitute of those prettinesses and softnesses, which can hardly be had without money, though money alone will not purchase them, that it seemed to her now that the heavens rained graciousness upon her. It was not that the archdeacon's watch, or her lover's chain, or Mrs. Granly's locket, or the little toy from Italy which Mrs. Arabin brought to her from the treasures of the deanery, filled her heart with undue exultation. It was not that she reveled in her new deluge of silver and gold and shining gems; but that the silver and gold and shining gems were constant indications to her that things had changed, not only for her, but for her father and mother, and brother and sister. She felt now more sure than ever that she could not have enjoyed her love had she accepted her lover while the disgrace of the accusation against her father remained. But now, having waited till that had passed away, everything was a new happiness to her.

At last it was settled that Mr. and Mrs. Crawley were to come to Plumstead, and they came. It would be too long to tell now how gradually had come about that changed state of things which made such a visit possible. Mr. Crawley had at first declared that such a thing was out of the question. If St. Ewolds was to depend upon it, St. Ewolds must be given up. And I think that it would have been impossible for him to go direct from Hogglestock to Plumstead.

CHAPTER LXXXI.—CONCLUSION.

It now only remains for me to gather together a few loose strings and tie them together in a knot, so that my work may not become untwisted. Early in July Henry Granly and Grace Crawley were married in the parish church of Plumstead—a great impropriety, as to which neither Archdeacon Granly nor Mr. Crawley could be got to assent for a long time, but which was at last carried, not simply by a union of Mrs. Granly and Mrs. Crawley, nor even by the assistance of Mrs. Arabin, but by the strong intervention of old Lady Lufton herself.

"Of course Miss Crawley ought to be married from St. Ewolds vicarage; but when the furniture has only half been got in, how is it possible?"

When Lady Lufton thus spoke, the archdeacon gave way, and Mr. Crawley hadn't a leg to stand upon. Henry Granly had not an opinion upon the matter. He told his father that he expected that they would marry him among them, and that that would be enough for him. As for Grace, nobody even thought of asking her; and I

doubt whether she would have heard anything about the contest, had not some tidings of it reached her from her lover. Married they were at Plumstead, and the breakfast was given with all that luxuriance of plenty which was so dear to the archdeacon's mind. Mr. Crawley was the officiating priest. With his hands dropping before him, folded humbly, he told the archdeacon, when that Plumstead question had been finally settled in opposition to his wishes, that he would fain himself perform the ceremony by which his dearest daughter would be bound to her marriage duties.

"And who else should?" said the archdeacon.

Mr. Crawley muttered that he had not known how far his reverend brother might have been willing to waive his rights. But the archdeacon, who was in high good-humor, having just bestowed a little pony-carriage on his new daughter-in-law, only laughed at him; and, if the rumor which was handed about the families be true, the archdeacon, before the interview was over, had poked Mr. Crawley in the ribs. Mr. Crawley married them; but the archdeacon assisted, and the dean gave away the bride. The Rev. Charles Granly was there also; and as there was, as a matter of course, a cloud of curates floating in the distance, Henry Granly was perhaps to be excused for declaring to his wife, when the pair had escaped, that surely no couple had ever been so tightly buckled since marriage had first become a church ceremony.

Soon after that, Mr. and Mrs. Crawley became quiet at St. Ewolds, and, as I think, contented. Her happiness became very quickly. Though she had been greatly broken by her troubles, the first sight she had of her husband in his new long frock-coat went far to restore her, and while he was declaring himself to be a cook so daubed with mud as to be incapable of crowing, she was congratulating herself on seeing her husband once more clothed as became his position. And they were lucky, too, as regarded the squire's house; for Mr. Thorne was old, and quiet, and old-fashioned; and Miss Thorne was older, and though she was not exactly quiet, she was very old-fashioned indeed. So that there grew to be a pleasant friendship between Miss Thorne and Mrs. Crawley.

Johnny Kames, when last I heard of him, was still a bachelor, and, as I think, likely to remain so. At last he had utterly thrown over Sir Raffle Buffle, declaring to his friends that the special duties of private secretaryship were not exactly to his taste.

"You get so sick at the thirteenth private note," he said, "that you find yourself unable to carry on the humbug any further."

But he did not leave his office.

Lady Julia told him with a great deal of energy, that she would never forgive him if he gave up his office. After that eventful night when he escaped ignominiously from the house of Lady Demolines under the protection of the policeman's lantern, he did hear more than once from Porchester Terrace, and from allies employed by the enemy who was there resident.

"My cousin, the serjeant," proved to be a myth. Johnny found out all about Serjeant Runter, who was distantly connected, indeed, with the late husband of Lady Demolines, but had always persistently declined to have any intercourse with her ladyship. For the serjeant was a rising man, and Lady Demolines was not exactly progressing in the world. Johnny heard nothing from the serjeant; but from Madalina he got letter after letter. In the first she asked him not to think too much of the little joke that had occurred. In the second she described the vehemence of her love. In her third the bitterness of her wrath. Her fourth she simply invited him to come and dine in Porchester Terrace. Her fifth was the outpouring of injured innocence. And then came letters from an attorney. Johnny answered not a word to any of them, and gradually the letters were discontinued. Within six months of the receipt of the last, he was delighted by reading among the marriages in the newspapers a notice that Peter Bangles, Esq., of the firm of Burton & Bangles, wine merchants, of Hook Court, had been united to Madalina, daughter of the late Sir Confucius Demolines, at the church of Peter the Martyr.

"Most appropriate," said Johnny, as he read the notice to Conway Dalrymple, who was then back from his wedding tour; "for most assuredly there will be now another Peter the Martyr."

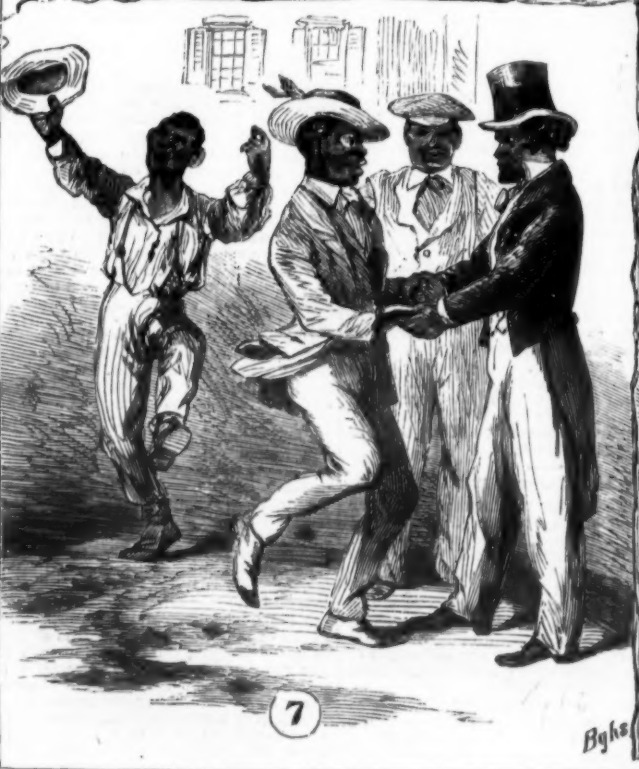
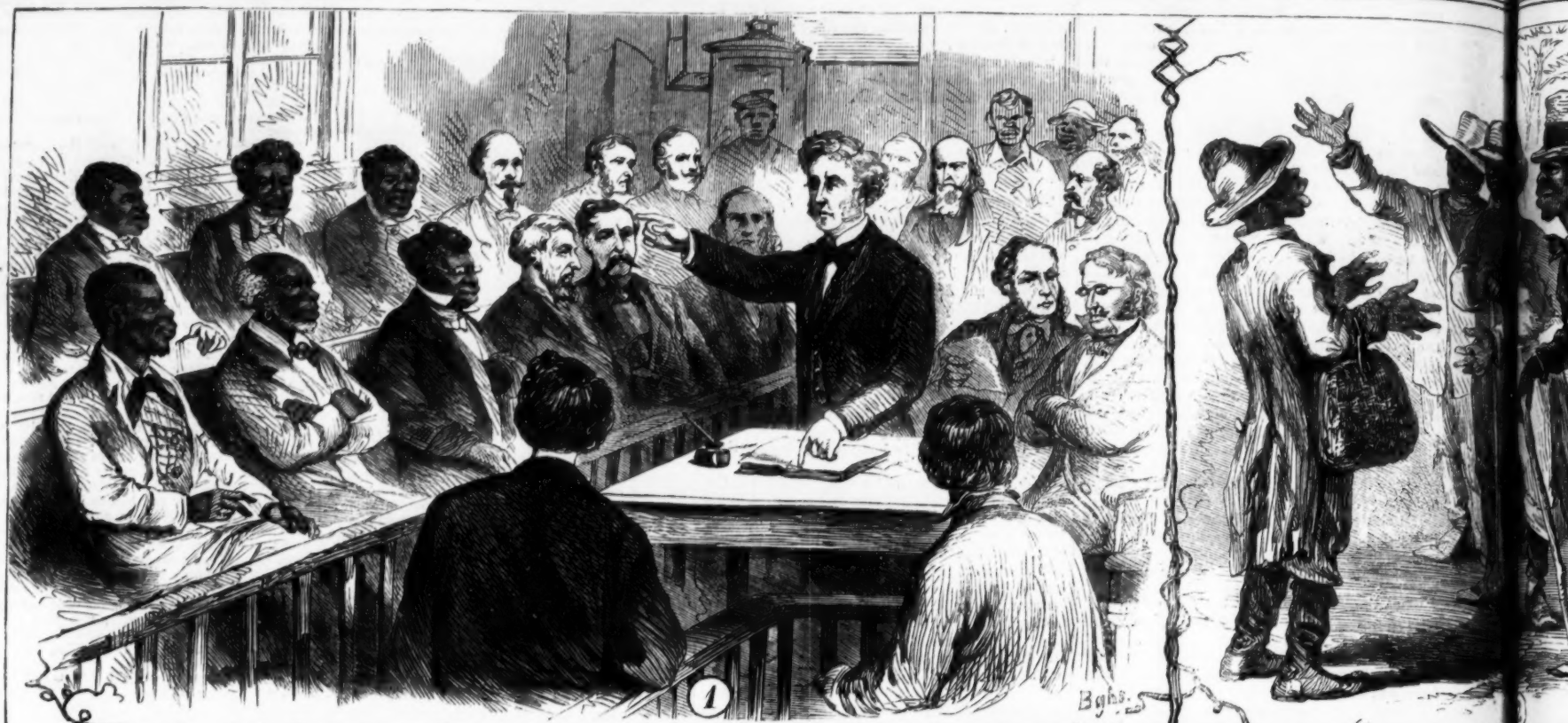
"I'm not so sure of that," said Conway, who had heard something of Mr. Peter Bangles.

"There are men who have strong wills of their own, and strong hands of their own."

"Poor Madalina!" said Johnny. "If he does beat her, I hope he will do it tenderly. It may be that a little of it will suit her fevered temperament."

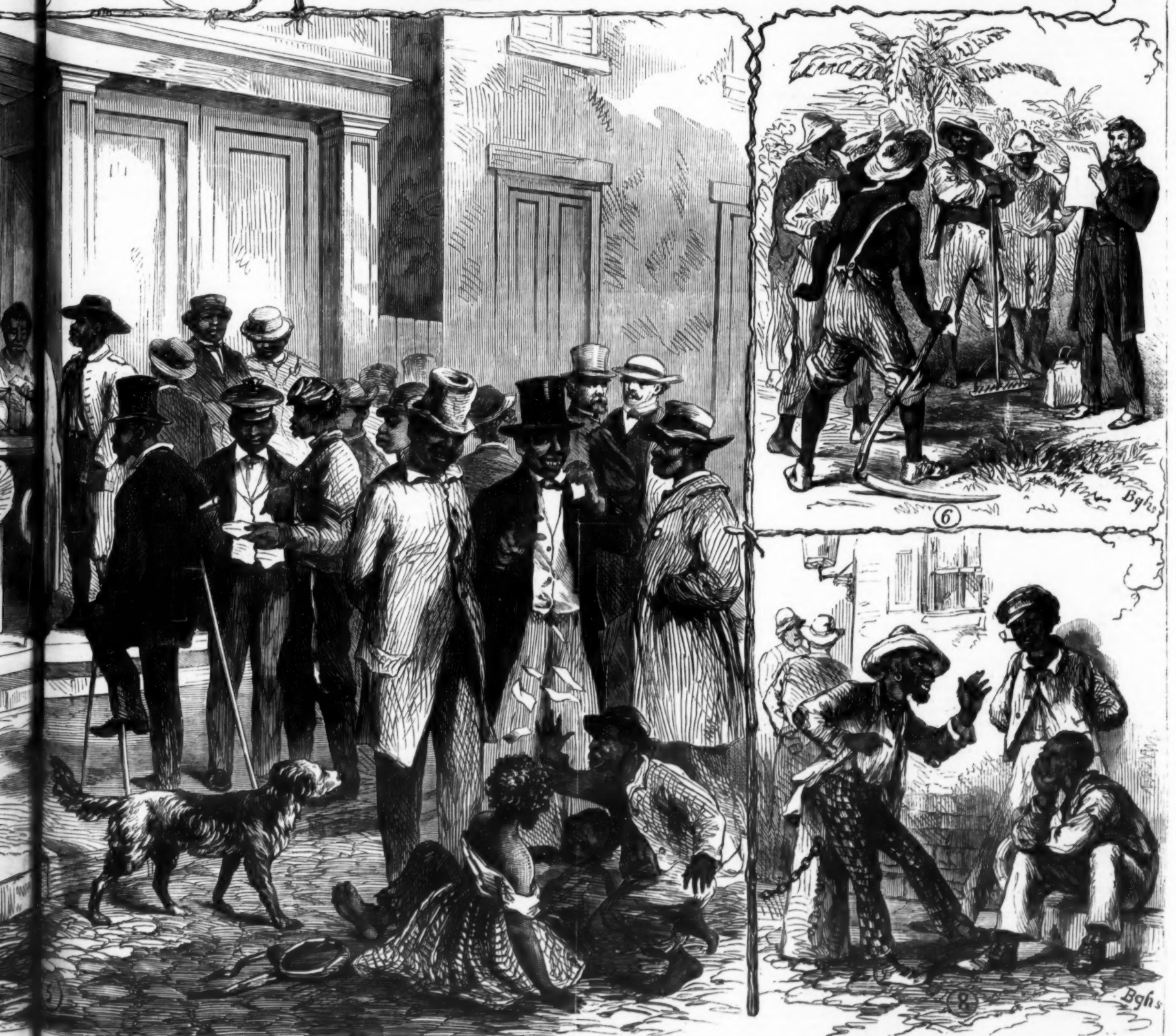
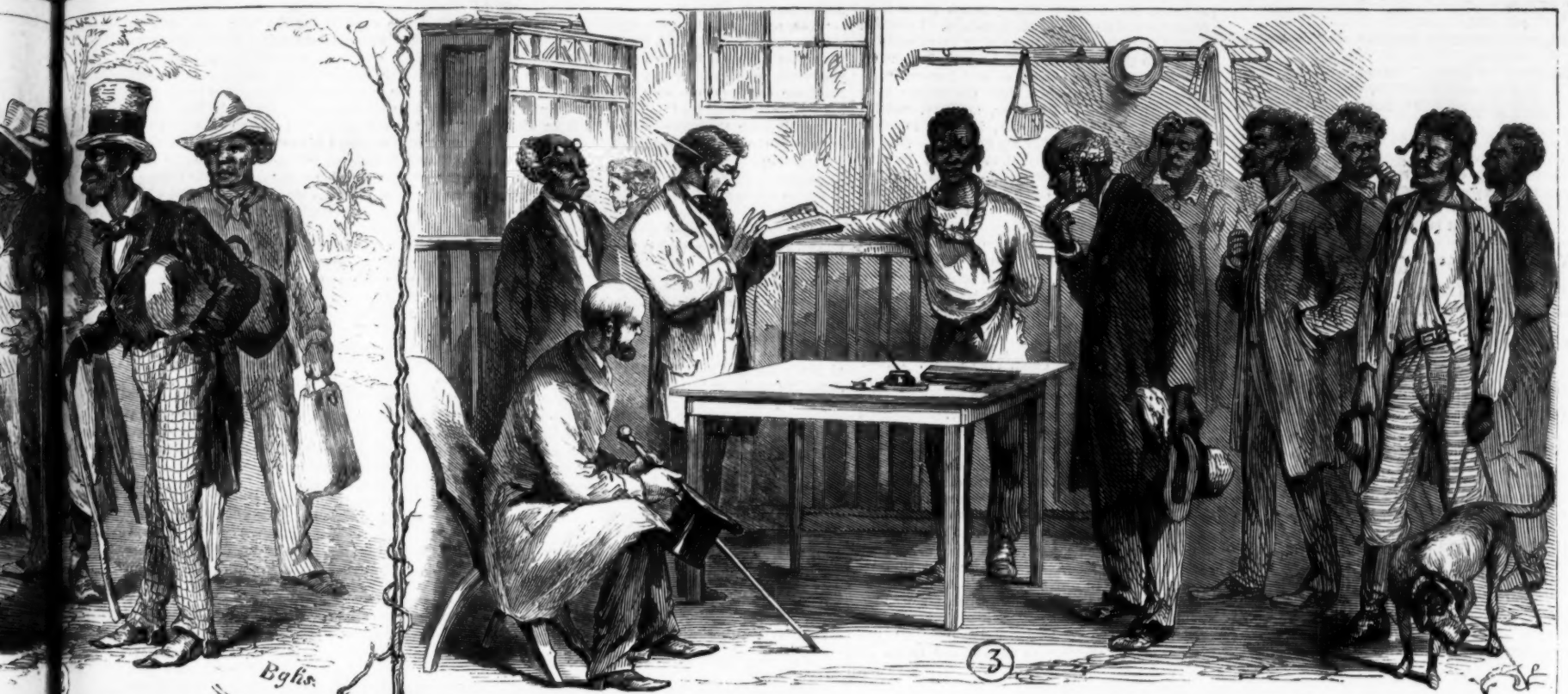
Before the summer was over Conway Dalrymple had been married to Clara Van Siever, and by a singular arrangement of circumstances had married her with the full approval of old Mrs. Van. Mr. Musseboro—whose name I hope has not been altogether forgotten, thought the part played by him has been subordinate—had opposed Dalrymple in the efforts made by the artist to get something out of Broughton's estate for the benefit of the widow. From circumstances of which Dalrymple learned the particulars with the aid of an attorney, it seemed to him that certain facts were willfully kept in the dark by Musseboro, and he went with his complaint to Mrs. Van Siever, declaring that he would bring the whole affair into court, unless all the workings of the firm were made clear to him. Mrs. Van was very insolent to him—and even turned him out of the house. But, nevertheless, she did not allow Mr. Musseboro to escape. Whoever was to be left in the dark, she did not wish to be there herself—and it began to dawn upon her that her dear Musseboro was deceiving her. Then she sent for Dalrymple, and without a word of apology for her former conduct, put him upon the right track. As he was pushing his inquiries, and working heaven and earth for the unfortunate widow—as to whom he swore daily that when this matter was settled he would never see her again, so terrible was she to him with her mock affection and pretended hysterics, and false moralities—he was told one day that she had gone off with Mr. Musseboro! Mr. Musseboro, finding that this was the surest plan of obtaining for himself the little business in Hook Court, married the widow of his late partner, and is at this moment probably carrying on a law-suit with Mrs. Van. For the law-suit Conway Dalrymple cared nothing. When the quarrel had become hot between Mrs. Van and her late myrmidon, Clara fell into Conway's hands without opposition; and let the law-suit go as it may, there will be enough left of Mrs. Van's money to make the house of Mr. and Mrs. Conway Dalrymple very comfortable. The picture of Jael and Sisera was stitched up without any difficulty, and I dare say most of my readers will remember it hanging on the walls of the exhibition.

THE END.



1. Jury of Whites and Blacks. 2. Freedmen discharged for voting the Radical ticket. 3. Scene in Registration office, Macon, Ga. 4. Potential arguments to the Freedman for his vote. 5. Freedmen

THE OPERATIONS OF THE REGISTRATION LAWS AND NEGRO



Free Negroes in the South. 6. Reading the Government order of Rights and Privileges to the Freedmen. 7. Congratulating each other on the successful result of the election. 8. Discussing the merits of the candidates.

NEGROES IN THE SOUTH.—FROM SKETCHES BY JAMES E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 171.

PLEASANT.

As I sat at the café, I said to myself,
"They may talk as they please about what they
call self,
They may sneer as they like about eating and
drinking,
But, help it I cannot, I cannot help thinking
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money."

I sit at my table *en grand seigneur*,
And when I have done, throw a crust to the poor;
Not only the pleasure itself of good living,
But also the pleasure of now and then giving;
So pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
So pleasant it is to have money.

They may talk as they please about what they
call self,
And how one ought never to think of oneself;
How pleasures of thought surpass eating and
drinking—
My pleasure of thought is the pleasure of think-
ing.
How pleasant it is to have money, heigh-ho!
How pleasant it is to have money.

Battlements:

A Story of a Dream.

CHAPTER I.—THE DREAM.

It was severe upon us, to be placed on picket
after hard forage duty; but it was our turn, and,
besides, we were scant of men, so to the line we
had to go.

"Mind yourself, Bartlett," said the sergeant, to
me, as we were speaking together, after passing
the sentinels about camp, "you may be surprised
by friends to-night, when you are least thinking
about a visit."

"By friends! Well, it won't be more than the
usual—"

"No matter now, Bartlett; all I say is—give us
a chew of tobacco?—that there are suspicious at
headquarters that some of the men either sleep
at their posts, or else some one is a traitor to the
trust placed in him. Some of our company are
suspected; for a spy who was captured with-
in the lines last night let it slip out of him
that he had passed in and made observations
twice last week. Now, on both nights, and at the
hours he mentioned, our company was on picket,
and it was through their line that he passed. As
I said before, mind yourself, and look out for
friends. If you are at all disposed to sleep, let
the thoughts of the penalty that will surely follow
discovery keep you awake."

We had been lying in camp for over two months,
waiting for the general's plans to mature, and
watching the foe, who were watching us as well.
Discipline, as far as concerned the pickets, had
been notoriously lax. Our pickets and those of
the rebels had become familiar with each other;
deputations from each side had met half-way be-
tween the lines and exchanged tobacco, edibles
and newspapers; they had formed a truce as to
firing upon each other "for fun," and so either
party could expose themselves upon their own lines
without fear of being shot at. Our men used to
leave their posts, meet each other and talk. Some
even boasted that they slept when they chose, without
fear of being reported. With such a state of
things, the creeping-in of a spy now and then
was not to be wondered at.

It was ten o'clock that night when I went on my
post. As I mentioned previously, we were scant
of men, so the pickets were posted singly, some
five, some ten, and some twenty yards from each
other. My boon companion, Tom Hart—our
Harty, as we called him—was posted on my right,
as I stood facing the enemy. For a while we
managed to meet each other every few minutes,
at a clump of trees half-way between our two
stations, and talk upon this and that. Becoming
tired of this, I sat down at my place to think a
little, keeping a sharp eye about me, and not for-
getting of the sergeant's warning. Not many
minutes had elapsed before I had to pass a
"friend"—an officer making his rounds—and he
was not gone long before Harty came up, asking
for some tobacco. I gave him what he desired,
noticing at the same time that he had left his
piece behind him. Finding him careless as to the
time he staid with me, and fearful that some-
thing unpleasant might occur, I urged him to
return to his post, which he did, after some par-
leying. He had left me about ten minutes when
I got up, took my piece, and walked as far as the
man on my left, then I turned, and went to the
clump of trees. Here I met Harty. We both
stopped upon catching sight of each other in the
uncertain light, and I spoke:

"Well, Harty, how did you like the tobacco?"
"No good," was the short reply, uttered in a
gruff tone, unnatural to my friend.
"If that's all you can say for Virgin Leaf, don't
come to me for any more," said I, half-piqued at
the verdict.
"Don't intend to," was the brief answer.
"You have got very independent suddenly, I
must say."

"Yes," was the response. "What's the word
to-night—I have forgotten it?"
"Why, 'Battlements,' of course; you have just
passed an officer on it."

"Oh, he didn't come my way. Go to your
post!"

"You go to Halifax!" said I, as he turned upon
his heel and left me.

"He's getting impudent," said I to myself, as I
paced away. I thought no more of the matter,
though, for I presumed my friend was in one of
his joking moods.

A solitary, leafless tree marked the spot sup-
posed to be my post. To this I walked, and, lean-
ing my back against it, braced myself with my
musket, and cast my gaze on the gloomy space
before me. The night was neither very dark nor

very light. The long range of woods which har-
bored the opposing pickets showed itself in black
masses in the distance; and the half-beclouded
sky rose above these, taking shape at its base
from the undulations of the tree-tops. I amused
myself for some time in forming these undula-
tions into shapes as my fancy suggested them. At
one time they were a herd of wild horses, seem-
ingly galloping onward; then the horses gave
place to regiments of cavalry, artillery, and in-
fantry; and these gave way, in turn, to other
objects. Growing tired of my gazing, I gave my-
self up to thinking. As usual, my thoughts turned
homeward, and the fifty-and-one associations
upon which I loved to dwell soon had full posses-
sion of my brain. By degrees I grew drowsy.
The stillness, my repose, attitude, and a kind of
carelessness as to my situation, were enough to
invite sleep, even had my body not been weary.
At first I tried to keep awake; I rubbed my eyes,
shook my head, and moved my body as well as I
could without leaving my comfortable position.
Each succeeding effort to rouse myself became
fainter than the other, and, with the sergeant's
warning plainly in my mind, I fell asleep. I know
not how long I slept before I began to dream.
The events of the day were gone over first, then
my dream-thoughts carried me home. I imagined
I was there on furlough. The sweet face of my
wife had welcomed me—(how often had it wel-
comed me in reality and in dreams!)—and the
children had received their share of caresses. I
was sitting, as it were, in my own arm-chair, with
my musket lying on a table beside me and my
knapsack on the floor at my feet. A meal was set
for me, and I took a seat at the table in order to
partake of the food. I remember that as I sat
down I wondered why I was to eat alone. I was
lifting a morsel to my mouth, when my wife an-
nounced that a friend wished to see me. I arose
quickly, grasped my musket and brought it to the
"charge" as the person entered the room. I
stopped him immediately with:

"Halt! who comes there?"
The answer came back clearly:
"A friend with the countersign!"
"Advance, friend, and give the countersign!"
"Battlements!"
"Pass, friend with the countersign."

Thus admitted, the visitor of my dream brushed
past me, and, going directly to the table, lifted
the cloth with what was upon it and deliberately
threw all of the window. Enraged at the
insult, I sprang forward to revenge myself upon
the violator of my home—the aggressor turned
fully toward me, and with commanding hand ex-
tended arrested my course.

"Those who fail in their duty must be pun-
ished."

The voice that spoke and the face that frowned
upon me made me quail even in my dream—they
were those of my general! A peculiar feeling, a
sense of something wrong, crept over me, and I
awoke with a shudder.

I found myself standing four paces from where
I had been leaning. I felt bewildered for an in-
stant or two at first, but a complete idea of my
situation soon dawned upon me. My dream and
the terror with which my visitant had inspired me
thrust themselves upon me anew. A guilty sense
of my disobedience—I had never slept upon my
post before—took possession of me; and a feeling
that something had happened in close proximity
to me while I slept, impressed itself so strongly
upon me that I could not drive it off. How was it
that I was standing so far from where I had fallen
asleep? What length of time had I been asleep?
Had I been discovered by friends? no, for in such
a case I should have been awakened and placed
under arrest. What, then, besides the knowledge
of my having been asleep, caused my uneasiness
of mind? Shivering with the cold which had
settled upon me, I roused myself from my think-
ing mood, took a few smart turns up and down
before the old tree, to create some warmth, and
then moved for the clump of trees to communi-
cate with Harty. Once there, I looked in vain for
my friend, and while wondering as to his where-
abouts the relief came up. While returning to
camp with those who had been relieved I noticed
that Harty was not with us.

"Where is Harty?" asked I of a corporal.
"Put under arrest last night."
"What for?"
"Don't know."

My spirits, which had been raised somewhat
when I found myself relieved without note or com-
ment, fell at this report, and the old dread came
again.

CHAPTER II.—THE DREAM REPEATED.

I PASSED a sleepless night—I found that trouble-
some thoughts were grand preventives of drow-
siness. When it was time to turn out in the
morning I feigned sickness, and so got that sleep
in the day which I refused me. It was about
ten o'clock when I was awakened by a rough hand
being placed on my shoulder. I gave a nervous
start as I turned and found the sergeant standing
by me.

"I'll be ready to go along with you in a min-
ute," said I, feeling positive that he was there to
arrest me.

"Gad, Bartlett, one would think you fancied I
had come to make a prisoner of you, by the way
you speak, and that frightened expression."

I felt some ease.
"So you did not forget my warning last night
when I told you to look out for friends, eh,
Bartlett?"

"Eh? ah, no, why certainly I didn't!" said I,
with a laugh, anxious to avoid committing my-
self, if there were any chance of it, although I
knew the sergeant was not the man to betray any
of my sins of omission.

"I was thinking of you when we tramped for
your post, but when I saw the way you brought
the 'old man' up, I—"

"The way I brought him up?"

"Yes; the way you halted him."

"The way I halted him?"

"Yes, yes, confound you! Why, you are not
half awake yet! Rouse yourself, till I tell you
about Harty."

"Yes, tell me what happened to him."

"I wonder you did not hear the rumpus, but
your post was some distance from his, and maybe
you were away just at the time talking to the
neighbor on your left—eh? no matter, though,
old fellow; just wait till I light this pipe, and then
you shall hear the story as I got it from Harty
himself at the guard-house this morning."

I watched the face of the sergeant narrowly as
he prepared his pipe, to see if there was a lurking
smile, or any peculiar expression that would show
a 'method' in his remarks about the 'old man,'
which, indeed, bewildered me considerably. There
was no sign, however, that led to suspicion on my
part.

"You see Bartlett, the old man—the general,
you know—and our colonel took it into their two
heads to steal a march on the picket line last
night. Quite a freak, wasn't it? but then you re-
member the distrust that I mentioned as existing
at headquarters. Well, it appears that our worthy
superiors made for Harty's post first. Harty was
not there, but a substitute existed in the shape of
his musket, which lay innocently reposing against
a stump, while its nominal owner was having a
chat with the man on his right, after having just
left you, as he says. The general and the colonel
determined to await Harty's return—as they knew
he was skylarking somewhere—and teach him a
lesson. After waiting awhile, the colonel, to kill
time—as one of the lieutenants told me—took up
Harty's piece, and had paced a short distance,
when who should come up but one of the pickets,
who, taking the colonel for Harty, asks him:

"Well, Harty, how did you like the tobacco?"

"Oh, Moses! sergeant!"

"What's the trouble now, Bartlett? It wasn't
you, was it?"

"It was, sergeant; it was."

"Ho! ho! and you shouted the word to him
loud enough to be heard half a mile away—
besides telling him to go to Halifax, by way of a
finisher! That was a go, I must say."

And the man with the striped arms laughed till
he shook again.

"Go on with the story about Harty," said I,
anxious to have the uncertainty that troubled me
cleared away, and not caring to let the sergeant
have too long a laugh at my expense.

"Well, Bart, after you had consigned the
colonel to Halifax he kept up his walking for a
while—as the story goes—until a figure was seen
approaching. At a suggestion from the general,
the musket was laid down where it was found,
and both colonel and general hid themselves
amongst some bushes in the vicinity. The figure
proved to be Harty. He made for his piece the
first thing, saying as he took it up: 'It's strange
how that could have got from the stump to the
ground; but it's all right, I guess.'"

"The 'old man' turned his coat inside out, and,
slouching his hat well down over his eyes, left his
concealment quietly. Taking a circuitous route,
he reached Harty's front, and crept up on his
hands and knees—rather dirty work for a general.
He hoped to give his man a thorough surprise,
but he calculated wrongly there, for Harty spied
him, and challenged him as he rose to his feet.
He did not answer, but kept advancing. Harty
challenged the second time—still no answer, and
still the old man pushed forward. Such conduct
was not to be trifled with, so Harty quickly covered
his incautious visitor, and pulled trigger. Slap!
went the hammer, but no response from the
barrel—the colonel had removed the cap while
playing picket!"

"The old man was playing a dangerous game,
but he was resolved to finish it; so, before Harty
could recover himself he sprang upon him,
wrested his piece from him, and threw him to the
ground, falling along with him. They rolled
around for a while, now one on top, now the other,
until Harty, who, you know, is the weaker man,
had to stop for breath. The general was as fresh
as when the fun commenced, so he gently took a
seat on Harty's stomach, and, placing his revolver
awkwardly near the poor fellow's face, proclaimed
himself a rebel in search of information; de-
manded the countersign; promised Harty safe
conduct into the rebel lines if he would give it;
and threatened immediate death as return for a
refusal. During all the row Harty had forgotten
to raise a cry for help, but the touch of the steel
barrel and the unpleasant threat made him think
that matters were getting uncomfortable for him,
so he determined to raise an alarm. Accordingly
he gave a shout, and was going to follow it up with
a series of the same, when the old man's hand
covered his mouth, and a warning was given that
any more such utterances would be considered a
request for a quieting bullet. We've been side-by-
side with Harty under fire, and we know he's
cool, don't we, Bart? We know he's true, too;
we do, you'll warrant. Well, when he found him-
self completely baffled, he made up his mind to
take the affair as an unhappy predicament which
self-possession and some lucky chance might get
him out of; so he lay quite still, determined,
though, that no sneaking rebel or cold steel
barrel should make him devulge the 'word.' To
a second demand for the countersign he said:
"No; he'd be blamed if any old skunk of a rebel
could make him give up what he wanted to keep
to himself."

"I'll give you three chances for your life,
then," said the general. "If you don't give me
the countersign before I count three, I'll shoot!"

"Shoot, and be blowed!" answered Harty, for
an idea had struck him.

"Then your fate be upon your own head—one
—two—three—"

"Stop!" shouted Harty, "I'll give it!"

"Quick, then—what is it?"

"Gettysburg."

"It's a lie!" shouted the general, forgetting
his caution; 'you are deceiving me.'

"If I am, then," said Harty, 'how do you know
it?'

"This was a poser for the 'old man,' and he
immediately saw the absurdity of his trying to
frighten the countersign out of a man; for, how
could he in the character of a rebel be supposed
to know the right word when given him? and
could not a man give him any word he fancied?"

"He saw the game was up, so he called the
colonel, and released his man. You may be sure
Harty was thunderstruck when he found he had
been wrestling with his general; and his feelings
were far from pleasant when he was asked what
he had to say for himself for having been absent
from his post.

"Well, the up-shot of all was that I was called,
and poor Harty was sent in under arrest. When
another man was put in his place, the general
ordered me to accompany himself and the colonel,
as they intended going some distance further
along the line. The 'old man' led the way, say-
ing he would answer the challenging."

"You have not caught any of my weasels
asleep, yet, general," said the colonel, as we
started for you."

"No, hardly," was the answer; 'but we have
tried only one.'

"I felt a little concerned for you, Bartlett, as
we neared your locality; but I was reassured
when I saw you come from under the tree, with
your clear: 'Halt! who comes there?'

"Sergeant! ah—go on, go on!"

"Why, Bart, my boy, what made you start so?"

"Nothing, nothing—finish your story."

"Well, as I was saying, I felt more at ease when
I saw you on the alert; but I thought it strange
when you halted us that the general should
answer: 'A friend with the countersign,' instead
of 'friends'; and I wondered further that you let
us go by with, 'Pass, friend, with the counter-
sign'—why, Bartlett, what is the matter? you
have been acting like a crazy fellow throughout
all my very interesting and all-absorbing tale,
and now your face is not improved by that half-
terrified look—what has gone wrong with you?"

"Nothing, nothing—you went directly on,
didn't you? and there were no questions asked
me, were there?"

"Of course we went directly on, and of course
there were no questions asked you—you know that
as well as I do."

"I know nothing about it."

"What do you say?"

"I know nothing about it—I was asleep."

"Asleep! Pahaw! You must be dreaming!"

and at the very idea he of the stripes indulged in
an immoderate fit of laughing.

"No," said I, with a great sense of relief, now
that the solution of my difficulty had been given,
"but I was dreaming; and I'll tell you a story."

And forthwith I related to the astonished ser-
geant my very common dream, which bore such
an uncommon relation to what he had just been
telling concerning myself. He immediately traced
out the connection that the general as dream-
visitor bore to the general as picket-visitor; and
he could only exclaim, "Wonderful! wonder-
ful!" as he thought of my dream utterances
coming forth at such an opportune moment.

"You had a lucky escape, I must say, Bartlett;
and if it were not for the circumstances attending
that dream, I should have it published all over
the land. But what do you infer from the throw-
ing of the meal out of the window?"

I did not know what to infer then, but I did
later in the day; for a paper recommending me
for a sergeancy over the heads of all the corporals
in my company was returned by the colonel "dis-
approved," and I saw it torn into fifty pieces and
thrown out of the window of my captain's log-
quarters. That was to punish me for my little
lark with the colonel. So much for my dream.

Harty's punishment was slight; he was released
from direct confinement that very morning and
placed upon extra duty about camp for a day or
two. It was the prevalent opinion among the
men that his cool behavior in his affair with the
general was the cause of the light visitation he
received. While he and I had the laugh of the
regiment upon us, the laughers themselves took
hints from our lesson, and a grand improvement
showed itself upon the picket line.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

"Oh, but I will though."

"No, no, Laura. You must not speak in that
manner."

"And why not? Why, mother, to hear you
talk, one would suppose that I were about to en-
ter a nunnery, instead of being married. No, I
tell you no husband rules me. I shall be my own
mistress."

Laura Burke was a young, happy creature, just
upon the eve of matrimony, and like thousands
of others, she looked only upon the pleasures of the
future, and laid her plans only for the greatest
amount of enjoyment that she might secure to
herself independent of all other circumstances.
Her mother, Mrs. Burke, had not passed life's
autumnal equinox, for not over eight-and-thirty
years had as yet been hers. She was a woman of
strange beauty; and though the flood of life was
yet warm and vigorous, she was still moved by a
deep spirit of melancholy, that had molded her
very features to its own cast. Upon her pale
brow there were lines of sorrow—in her deep blue
eyes there was a light that seemed to turn all
vision inward upon the soul; and over her whole
countenance was shed the unmistakable shadows
of thoughts and feelings that could only spring
from a heart that had become the home of a pow-
erful experience.

"Ah, Laura," said Mrs. Burke, "I fear that
you are looking to the future with blinded eyes.
You are picturing to yourself only that which
may flee from you ere you can grasp it. You forget

that the life you are about to enter is one of important duties."

"Oh, mother," cried Laura, with a light, ringing laugh, "don't talk to me about duty. Goodness knows, I've always had enough of that. No, no—my halcyon days are coming. If William marries me, it must be for what I am, and not for what I am going to be."

"Laura, Laura, be serious now, and listen to me, for I can see the rock upon which your bark of happiness may be wrecked."

Mrs. Burke spoke with a grave air, and the shade that passed over her countenance showed that she felt what she said.

"You must know that your happiness for the future will depend upon your own exertions," she continued; and just so far as you use your earnest endeavors for the peace and happiness of your husband, will your own be gained. Laura, you are too willful, and I fear that even to your husband you will betray that unhappy trait in your disposition."

"But tell me, mother, would you have me the slave of a husband? Am I going to be married just for the sake of having a man to rule me? By no means. I know my rights better. He may be assured that I shall maintain all the privileges that belong to me. But in sober earnestness, my dear mother, I cannot see what there is that should so frighten you. Let me tell you that William Withington is not the man to look for a mere drudge in his wife."

"My child, you misunderstand me. You misconstrue my meaning. A good husband looks for all that is kind and gentle in his wife. His home is his refuge from the cares and business of life, and there he looks for the sweet peace and content which no other spot on earth can afford; and if he finds it not there, where then shall he look? Oh, Laura, I tremble, lest you should forget all this."

"Now, mother," uttered the half thoughtless girl, "you will really provoke me. What is the use of making such a mountain of nothing?"

"Hush, Laura. Look for yourself upon what occurred last Sunday evening. Then you betrayed a temper that made William really unhappy."

"Well, and didn't he provoke me to it?"

"No, by no means. He only wished you to wear a more suitable dress to church?"

"And I should like to know what business it is to him what dresses I wear?"

"A great deal, Laura. He only requested that you would wear something more over your neck and shoulders—something that would protect you against the cold; and surely a husband has a right to do that."

"Then let him wait till he is my husband, and even then I'll teach him that he mustn't expect to rule me."

Mrs. Burke gazed a moment into the handsome features of her daughter, and then a tear came to her eye. She knew that Laura loved William Withington with her whole soul; but she saw, too, that that love would fail to make her what a good wife ought to be.

"Mother—dear mother," exclaimed Laura, springing to the side of her parent, and throwing her arm about her neck, "what makes you weep? Forgive me for what I have said, if it can affect you thus."

"Laura, sit down here by my side, and I will tell you something that I have hitherto kept from you. I will open to you a page in my life-book that I had meant to have kept for ever closed within my own heart."

The fair girl sat down by her mother's side, and looked wonderingly up.

"It is of your father I would speak."

"He died before I can remember."

The tears gathered more thickly in the mother's eyes, and it was some time ere she could speak; but at length she commanded her feelings, and laying her hand upon her daughter's brow, she commenced:

"Laura, listen to me now, for I can hold up to you a mirror within which you shall see what may be your own future. I was scarcely eighteen when I gave my hand to James Burke. He was a man of kind feelings and a warm heart, and I knew that he loved me truly and faithfully; yet his feelings were impulsive, and his sense of right and wrong was keen and unmistakable, and in all his emotions he was sensitive in the extreme. He held his honor sacred, and to small things he never stooped. Let me tell you, my child, that William Withington is almost his counterpart."

"When I married my husband, I knew his disposition and feelings—I loved him, and yet I had resolved upon no pains to meet his wishes and make his home happy. I forgot that love has its imperative duties—that the mere marriage relation may be made the most miserable on earth, instead of being the most happy. I forgot that my own happiness depended upon the happiness of my husband, and that he could not be happy unless I, too, was happy. A very small amount of cool reflection would have shown me all this, but I gave it little heed. I did not remember that the wife's dominion was the home of her husband, and that that home should be her earthly heaven. I only looked upon the surface of the marriage relation; and when I entered upon its duties, I only felt that I was then freed from all restraint, and that I had nothing to do but to grasp all the transient pleasures as they flew past."

"Of course, the first few months of our married life were happy; but yet there were clouds that flew across our way that should never have gathered there. At length I began to allow myself to forget some of my duties. In the presence of my husband, I was sometimes morose and sullen. He gently chided me; but I was governed by a false, willful pride, and I would not own that I had been wrong, and often accused him of being unfeeling toward me. He was never harsh, never unkind; and though I have seen the big veins in his temple swell with internal emotion, yet he

never forgot himself so far as to use a word that he would wish to recall. Oh, how my heart sinks within me as I now think how blindly I trifled with that man's feelings. He did all in his power to make my home comfortable—my every wish was answered so far as it could be justly done; and he was as careful of my health and peace as he could have been of his own."

"At length you were born. I loved you most dearly; but yet your innocent cries, and your tax upon my time and care, I allowed to sometimes worry me; and when my husband would beg of me to remember the precious charge of my infant, and only smile upon its care, I met him with sullen looks and bitter words. Not long after you were born, my husband took a stand on the political arena, and his talents soon placed him firmly in the respect and good-will of the people. He was chosen a member of Congress, and he began to devote much of his time to the duties which his fellow-citizens placed upon him. Instead of taking pride in the talents of my husband, and lending him my aid, I only found fault because he was away from home so much. This was to him the unkindest cut of all."

"Once, when we were in company, a gentleman spoke to me of the high position my husband had gained; but even then I treated the idea of my husband's neglecting his business for such things with a sneer. He heard me. I knew that James had never neglected his business, and yet I said so. When we returned home, he reproved me for what I had done. I was only angry. He begged of me to remember his feelings. I laughed at his feelings. He told me I was making him miserable. I didn't care. Then he assured me that he could not live with me if I continued to behave as I had done. I allowed this to make me more angry than ever, and I determined that I would not give up that I had been wrong, and I bade him leave me as soon as he pleased."

"Laura, I cannot tell you all that followed—how I taunted that noble-hearted man—how I trifled with his feelings, and how I blindly, recklessly, unriveted the strong links that bound his heart to me. I saw that a change had come over his countenance—that it was deadly pale, and that his lips quivered. He went to the cradle and took you up in his arms. He pressed you to his bosom and kissed you. I saw a tear fall from his eye, and I saw his lips move as if in prayer. Then he laid you back in the cradle and left the room. He came not back to me that night. The next day I received a letter from him, in which he informed me that he had placed ten thousand dollars in the hands of a trustworthy person, and that I could draw the interest for my support. I was almost frantic with grief—my heart was almost broken—my head whirled in agony—but I could gain no intelligence further. From that moment, Laura, I—I—never saw—my husband again!"

As Mrs. Burke ceased speaking, her head sank upon the bosom of her daughter, and she wept aloud.

"And you saw him not when he died?" murmured Laura, winding her arms about her mother's neck, and sobbing with grief.

"I know not that he is dead, my child," returned Mrs. Burke; and as she spoke, she sank upon her knees, and prayed that her daughter might be saved.

With her whole soul in the word, Laura uttered "Amen!"

Next day Laura Burke stood by the side of William Withington at the altar, and her right hand rested within that of the young man. There was deep happiness upon her features, but it was a happiness calm and serene. Thought reigned over her countenance, and even the bridegroom gazed half-wonderingly upon her, as she appeared so deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion.

The clergyman who had come to perform the ceremony was a stranger in the place, he having come from a distant part of the country; and at the present time he had assumed the duties of the pulpit for one Sabbath while the regular clergyman was absent from the town.

The magic words that made William and Laura man and wife were spoken, when a singular scene took place. A gentleman of middle age, with a large, handsome beard, and with a most benevolent expression of countenance, suddenly stood forward from the shade of a pillar, and said:

"Permit me, young lady, as a by no means disinterested spectator of this scene, to give you a word of kind and well-meant counsel. You are about to quit this sacred altar; but you must remember that the home altar is under your ministrations; and oh, fail not to see that the purest of your affections are kept burning there, so that they shall ever light with a joyous brilliancy the life you have chosen. Oh, could you know what happiness, what earthly bliss hangs upon your course, you would never—never—"

The gentleman stopped. His eyes had filled with tears, and his utterance was choked. At that moment a low cry broke from the lips of Mrs. Burke. The gentleman turned and caught her eye. All present wondered at the strange scene; but when, in a moment more, the mother of the bride tottered forward and sank upon the bosom of the gentleman, they were lost in amazement.

"My wife! my wife!" he whispered, as he bowed his head.

"My husband! Oh, my husband! Have you come to forgive me?"

"Yes, yes, dearest. Is there not happiness yet for us on earth?"

The mother would have spoken, but she could not. She could only cling more frantically to her husband, and bless him that he had come back to her. None were there but that wept at the scene; and Laura left the side of her new-made husband to seek the embrace of her father.

At length the mystery was explained to those who had witnessed the novel scene. But to his wife and child alone did Mr. Burke tell of all he had suffered—how he had wandered from place

to place—how his heart yearned to see his wife, and how he had forgiven her for all she had done, and also that he had determined to see her once more, and for that purpose had come back.

Years have passed away since that evening, and Mr. Burke and his wife still live; but their old age is happy—happier far than their days of youth. And Laura, she is indeed a noble, true-hearted wife. Her Mother's Lesson was her salvation. It sank deep into her heart, burying forever all of evil that lurked there, and sending forth into active life all those charms and graces of the female character that do most adorn the true and virtuous wife.

The Dwarfs Kis Joszi, Jean Picolo and Jean Petit, at the Stadt Theatre, New York.

THESE three merry men, the tallest being only the size of General Tom Thumb, come to us from Austria; and the idea of bringing them upon the stage originated with Mr. Schwartz, manager of a theatre in Hermannstadt, Austria. In 1853, Jean Picolo, then eighteen years of age, was pursuing his daily occupation of goatherd in Tebonar, when Mr. Schwartz, struck by his voice, proposed that he should join the company of actors. Jean jumped at the chance, and left his goats to study for an actor, making an immensely successful debut in Gratz, the capital of Styria. Jean Petit, who was a copyist in the office of the Mayor of Asch, in Bohemia, saw Picolo on the stage and immediately applied to Mr. Schwartz, who agreed to take the little man, and give him the necessary instruction. Mr. Petit, who is the greatest artist of the three, although he is the smallest in person, made rapid progress in his studies, and played with the other dwarf with great success in Vienna and other cities of Austria. On a tour through Hungary our two artists met Kis Joszi in Buda-Kesa, and he also joined Mr. Schwartz, and soon was presented to the public.

This trio have performed before many of the crowned heads of Europe, and really are very versatile and meritorious actors. The illustration represents them in the play of "The Jolly Fellows." Jean Petit is in the centre, in the rôle of a miserly money-lender, advancing small sums to the painters, who are surrounding him. They are persuading him that the painting he leans upon is very valuable. Joszi and Picolo are present on the right and left, in the character of mischievous boys, in which they never fail to bring down the house. Next month they will leave New York for a starring tour through the West and South.

DANIEL DREW, ESQ.

THE remarkable man whose name heads this notice was born at Carmel, Putnam county, New York, July 29, 1797. He is essentially a self-made man, rising from the position of cattle-driver and farm-hand to be acknowledged by all as the Steamboat King of the United States. It is to him and to his energy that the public are indebted for the floating palaces of the Hudson River, which are a source of just pride to every citizen of New York, as well as a marvel to all travelers from other sections of the world. To write the complete history of Daniel Drew would be to chronicle the inception and management of the steamboat passenger trade on the Hudson River. In the short space that can be afforded to this subject, the principal points will only be touched, and in as brief a manner as possible.

During the war of 1812 Mr. Drew acted as farm-boy and drover for a farmer in Putnam county, New York. He next went into the cattle business himself, and thus got money enough for a start in life. In 1834 he invested \$1,000 in a partnership which owned the Waterwitch, which was his first essay in the real business of his long life, in which he has been so successful. Of course, his success has urged many others to rivalry; but in no case have they succeeded in injuring his patronage. The opening of the Hudson River Railroad was expected to crush his enterprise, and his friends advised him to sell his boats and the line he had established before the railroad was opened. Drew refused, and the event justified him. The railroad has increased travel so much that the steamboats are more crowded than ever. From the Waterwitch to the Drew, a long line of famous steamboats have run on the People's Line, each accession being larger and more magnificent than its predecessor, until, when one visits the Drew, and sees the luxurious profusion scattered everywhere, he finds imagination unable to paint another boat that can surpass this one.

Mr. Daniel Drew is a member of the Methodist Church, and as such was approached by some of the leaders to aid them in extending Methodism. He offered to build a church in Carmel, where he was born, and where he now lives; but finally bought the establishment at Madison, noticed below.

Inauguration of the Drew Theological Seminary at Madison, N. J.

NEW JERSEY is rapidly assuming a commanding position in our civil Union by the encouragement she is continually giving to movements having in view the relief and elevation of her citizens.

Few of our older States can point to more efficient efforts to place their youth under the influence of systematic instruction, or to more gratifying results of such discipline.

Another noble institution, having for its object the education of young men for the Methodist ministry, has just been opened at Madison, N. J. The new seminary bears the name of its generous founder, Daniel Drew, Esq., a gentleman who has been long and favorably known throughout the State, and will prove an enduring monument to his princely liberality and his interest in the progress of the Methodist Church.

The commencement exercises took place on the 6th ultimo, in the presence of a large and intelligent audience, and were of an intensely interesting nature.

The institution is pleasantly situated upon a gradually sloping knoll which commands one of the finest panoramas of natural scenery in northern New Jersey, and is twenty-eight miles from New York city.

The property consists of 225 acres, and was formerly occupied as the homestead of the Gibbons family. It was purchased by Mr. Drew, with all the standing conveniences and the entire furniture of the handsome mansion, for \$125,000.

According to agreement Mr. Drew has given \$250,000 to found the seminary, and stands pledged to give a further sum of \$150,000 as an endowment fund, and \$25,000 to erect a fire-proof library, in which all important documents pertaining to Methodism will be deposited. The prominent buildings now upon the premises are the chapel, dormitory, and the refectory or club-house. The chapel, which was formerly the mansion house, is a three-story brick building, 131 by 66 feet in dimensions, exclusive of spacious piazzas,

porticos, and greenhouses, and contains seventy commodious apartments. In this edifice there are six large lecture or class-rooms, with professors' studios attached, and excellent accommodations for whatever societies the young gentleman may form.

The dormitory and club-house are each built of brick and are three stories in height. They contain seventy-two suites of rooms, which are furnished in a neat and substantial manner. Water is supplied to all parts of the buildings from springs on the premises. The apartments are all warmed by patent side heaters, and gas is to be manufactured and distributed to every room in the institution. The charter places the seminary under the management of a board of trustees, composed equally of laymen and ministers, chosen by the General Conference. The collegiate year began on the 28th of October last, and there are now seventeen students in attendance.

The Operation of the Registration Laws and Negro Suffrage in the South.

WE devote our double-page inside to the Negro question, showing the practical working of a pet theory of many influential men of our day. In the first place, the fact that a loyal negro is as good as a white rebel, if not better, in a grand jury, was early recognized by the leaders of the dominant party, and our first sketch shows the conglomerate body on official duty. It is, of course, impossible, that an ingenious lawyer could so obfuscate the ideas of our African brother or give him too much law for him to deal out perfect justice in each case. This is proven by facts. Our next picture, No. 2, shows the very bad spirit in which the rebels of the South take the effects of Negro Suffrage, and it is very surprising that the military commanders of the South, or the Freedman's Bureau, have not dealt severely with those malcontent whites who have discharged their hands on the eve of winter, simply because the negroes voted en masse against the conservative ticket. Are politics to be allowed to sever the bonds of employer and employé without punishment? That the negro must have the right to think, as well as the right to vote, seems too plain to need argument; why then should restraint be placed on his free action, and the enslaver go free? No. 3 represents a vivid scene at the registration office, where each able-bodied citizen registered his name and took what is commonly called the "iron-clad oath," thereby swearing that he, Cuffee Johnson, "had never held any executive or judicial office in any of the Southern States while in rebellion, nor aided or abetted the rebellion in any way of his own free will, or held any office in the so-called Confederate service over the rank of Brigadier-General;" so far the colored gentleman understands himself; but when the registering officer comes to the formula, "An act supplementary to an act to amend an act entitled an Act," etc., our colored brother generally gives up the conundrum in advance, feeling, like Twemlow, that his intellect gives way under the severe strain.

No. 4 shows the eagerness with which our registered colored friend is received as a man and a brother by the enlightened white man who wants his vote. The humble tiller of the soil for so many years has risen to be a sovereign in this land of sovereigns, and very soon he begins to understand his value, and the value of a proverb which runs thus, "Kissing goes by favor," and will not rashly promise his vote, preferring to "link about dat, tank you, sir." Yes, the negro is now an enfranchised member of the United States. No. 5 shows him in the act of exercising "the dearest privilege of our noble country, sir," and the destruction of conservative ballots by the gentleman in the foreground shows his preferences as the election shows the preferences of the race. The African votes for his brother negro, and the whole ticket that has his brother's name thereon, and if he cannot read the same, he will accept the ballot with a child-like faith that it would be a sin and a shame to mislead.

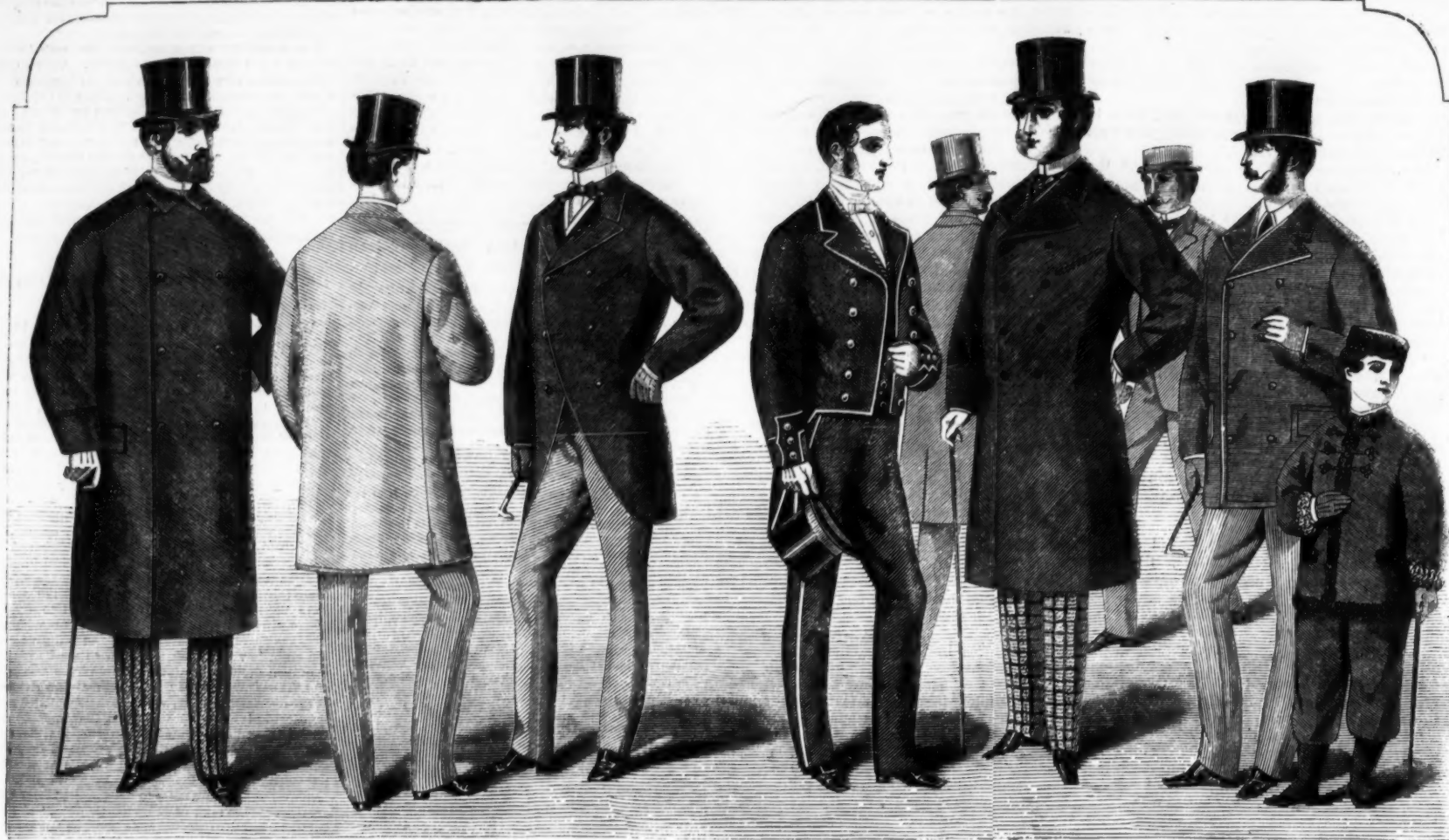
In order that our negroes may know their rights from an authoritative source, the officers of the Freedman's Bureau (No. 6) instruct them therein, by reading the Government order on the subject, which fully instructs them how to behave. It is a beautiful characteristic of the negro that he is teachable and docile, and does as he is told to do, therefore the statement, that the clannish feeling showed by him already in the past election is calculated to alarm the thoughtful man for the future, should be scouted with the assurance that under colored civil officials, from governor and senator down to sheriff and constable, the negro element must rise to the level of the white, and therefore they will be peace-abiding citizens. The seventh sketch on the page shows the very natural exuberance of joy on the election results. Our colored friends have won their first victory, they have conclusively proven that they are numerically superior to their quondam masters, and have risen to be the rulers of the land they live in. Shaking hands with each other, they pledge their mutual support upon every question that is to be decided by the ballot, and one would not be surprised if the question of their superiority at the other game, so similar in results, the bullet, should be fitting through the minds of the more ambitious of them. Only fitting, however, for when we give them all they ask for, what would they gain by slaughter? No. 8 shows the electoral element canvassing the merits of the candidates. Many a colored brother has found out that the sweets of franchise are not all unalloyed with bitter. The colored man who is so mean-spirited as to vote the conservative ticket must be taught the lesson that unanimity against the old ruling element is the only action that will be allowed in the South. In another part of this paper is a sketch of what the contumacious racial must expect that violates this rule. These sketches were made by our special Artist, Mr. James E. Taylor, on his recent journey through the States of Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Louisiana and Tennessee, and may be relied on as correct representations of actual occurrences.

"ADAMS AND LIBERTY" was the title of the most popular political song during the struggle of the earliest parties under the Constitution. It was written by Robert Treat Paine, Jr., while he was connected with the Federal Street Theatre in this city, in 1793. It yielded him \$750, which is more than eleven dollars a line—a very handsome sum at any time for a poet. The following is one of its best stanzas:

"Should the tempest of war o'ershadow our land,
His bolts could ne'er rend Freedom's temple stand,
For, unmoved at its portal would Washington stand,
And repulse with his breast the assaults of the thunder."

His sword from the sleep
Of his scabbard would leap,
And conduct with its point every flash to the deep,
For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a pint, or the sea rolls its waves."

BENE, our wine-merchant, left home for the Jerome Park Races in high spirits; but losing, became, like the day, gloomy. His friends said to him, that he went off sparkling, and came back still.



THE LATEST WINTER STYLES FOR GENTLEMEN.



MR. JOHN BROUGHAM AS TEDDY, THE SWELL, IN HIS LOCAL DRAMA OF THE LOTTERY OF LIFE.

The Latest Winter Styles for Gentlemen.

The winter season has commenced and a variety of new designs has been introduced, of which we give our readers the best samples in the engraving. The first figure represents the fashionable Winter Overcoat. It is of the sack form, double-breasted, buttoning up to the top. There are two flap pockets in the front skirt; the edges are double stitched; the sleeves are moderately ample, and have an imitation cuff. The next figure gives the back view of the fashionable Chesterfield Sack. It will be observed that this coat is not so close fitting as a Chesterfield nor so loose as the Sack. It slightly defines the figure, is cut without a back seam, but has slits at the sides. It is double-breasted, has broad lapels and collar, and rolls well open; there are flap pockets in the front skirt, and a pocket in the left breast outside. The next coat varies only from the ordinary in the addition of pockets in the sides instead of behind and is cut away a little more in front. The design for a Footman's Livery will be recognized at once. The coat is of blue cloth, edged with yellow cassimere, with a slashed flap on the sleeve, and a black velvet collar. The trousers have a yellow cassimere welt in the side seam to correspond with the edging of the coat. The next design is that of a double-breasted Chesterfield, fitting close to the figure. The collar and lapels are faced with velvet, and the edges are bound with cloth. The pos-

coat is short and ample; there are flap pockets in the skirt, and the edges are either bound with cloth or double stitched. The youth's suit, which completes our illustrations, is suitable for the depth of winter, as the edges, cuffs and flaps are trimmed with fur.

JOHN BROUGHAM, THE COMEDIAN.

We give on this page a capital likeness of this celebrated author and actor in the part of Teddy the Swell, in his new drama of "The Lottery of Life," one of the most absorbing and thrilling fictions of the day. It has not yet been produced in New York, but the remarkable success it has achieved in Boston and Philadelphia justify us in predicting for it an equal popularity in the Empire City. Mr. Brougham is not only a most versatile and popular actor on the American stage, but he is also one of our most brilliant writers; his stories combining great force of dialogue with those striking dramatic situations which are the life of a successful romance. On the stage he is equally effective, being as admirable in burlesque as he is in eccentric comedy. His impersonations of Irishmen are especially excellent, and far removed from that whisky and shillalah style of acting so prevalent with actors of an inferior grade.

KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.

In presenting to our readers this portrait of King Theodore, a slight sketch of his character and life may not be out of place. He was born at Tschergye about the year 1821, in the western part of Abyssinia. His father, a descendant of the royal line of Ethiopian princes, died when he was very young, and the property possessed by him was seized by greedy relatives and very

soon dissipated, leaving his mother and himself quite destitute. He sought shelter in the Convent of Tachangar, near Gondar, and remained there a considerable time under the name of Kassas. But Dejazach Marou, a defeated rebel, set fire to the convent, and destroyed it; fortunately Kassas escaped to his uncle, Dejazach Comfu, in whose home, the residence of scheming and discontented rebels, the youth received that training which has made him the cruel and merciless chief he now is. Gathering a number of banditti around him on the death of his uncle, he soon became very formidable to the regnant powers, and as he was very successful in his wars, he soon aspired to be the King of Abyssinia, which honor he gained in 1855. At first he was under the restraint of two Englishmen, Mr. Bell and Mr. Plowden, who curbed his blood-thirsty designs, and while they lived he was very fortunate in all his undertakings. But on the death of these counselors his fortunes turned, his later deeds seemed to justify a comparison with the notorious King of Dahomey, and it is stated that on one occasion he killed 3,000 people by fire and sword in six weeks.

Gathering Mushrooms in the Forest of Fontainebleau, France.

The edible mushroom, *Agaricus campestris*, belongs to the natural order of fungi, most species of which are poisonous, and fatal consequences have resulted from not knowing how to distinguish the few which are valuable from the majority which are dangerous. The forest of Fontainebleau, in France, is celebrated for its mushrooms, which spring up in a night in countless numbers, ready for the early risers, who gather them for the Paris market. To the gourmand, mushrooms are almost a necessity, many dishes being

considered inedible without them. Indeed, it would not be an exaggeration to say that what garlic is to the



KING THEODORE OF ABYSSINIA.

Italian, the onion to the German, the potato to the Irishman, the mushroom is to the Frenchman. The edible mushroom has pink gills and a very aromatic, pleasant odor, not to be mistaken. Mushroom-gatherers distinguish them by sight and smell alone, without reference to their botanical peculiarities, and one who makes this business his profession will never make a mistake in his gleanings.

HUNTING OSTRICHES.—In Africa ostriches are generally hunted on horseback. When the rider comes in sight, the ostrich will make off at full speed, but the hunter abstains from pressing his horse, and follows slowly on his track. The ostrich, meanwhile, having made some three or four miles' start, will halt and allow the hunter to come within a short distance of him, and will then run off again. A third course will, however, generally be found to have wearied him out. The hunter then rides up at the swiftest gallop he can get out of his horse, and fells the ostrich with his club. Dismounting, he slits open the neck, and bending one of the legs, passes the foot through the wound, so as to prevent the ostrich from bespattering his feathers in blood.

DR. FRANK BUCKLAND, the naturalist, had a Brazilian monkey, which he wished to take from Southampton to London in the passenger-car, but the guard of the train objected, and said he was a dog, and must go in the dog-van. The doctor, by way of reducing ad absurdum, took a tortoise out of his coat-pocket, and asked the guard if that, too, were a dog? After attentive consideration, the guard replied, slowly but firmly: "No, sir—they're all right—they be *Animas*!"



GATHERING MUSHROOMS IN THE FOREST OF FONTAINEBLEAU.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.



INDIAN ATTACK UPON AN EMIGRANT TRAIN IN DACOTAH TERRITORY.

HOME INCIDENTS, &c.
Indians Attacking an Emigrant Train
in Dakota Territory.

We here present to our readers, the last Indian out-



A REMARKABLE INCIDENT AT MASON VILLAGE,
NEW HAMPSHIRE.



A SUICIDE CUT DOWN BY HIS WIFE.

rage, one which, if we may trust to present appearances, will not be speedily re-enacted. The Indian plan of warfare is unique and sure of success, unless opposed

by experienced Indian fighters, so that the emigrant has no chance against him. These painted demons ride in a circle around the objects of attack at the swiftest gallop of their ponies, drawing the fire of the whites without harm, and then dash in upon them before they can reload again, butchering all alike, stealing horses and valuables, and burning what is left.

A Remarkable Incident in Mason Village, N. H.

Last week, while some small children were at play in Mason Village, an immense golden eagle swooped down and attacked one of the children, attempting to carry it off. The child's mother came to her darling's rescue, and beat the eagle off with woman's true weapon of defense—the broom. Enraged with his ill-success, the monarch of the air attacked the woman with ferocity, and was getting the best of the fight, when a sportsman ran up and shot the eagle, breaking his wing, and cap-



WOOD SAWING CONTEST BETWEEN THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, AND HOOSIER BASE BALL CLUB OF LAFAYETTE, INDIANA.

turing him. He was sold to Mr. George H. Dunford, of New Orleans, who was visiting at the village, and will be taken to that city.

A Suicide Cut Down by His Wife.

Samuel Burroughs, of St. Louis, Mo., did attempt his own life last week on account of having been unable to secure work. Preferring hanging to starving, he went out of the house, and hanged himself in the garden, but his faithful spouse, fearing some such rash action, followed him in time to see her lord and master in the death-struggle. Feeling very much cut up, she at once cut him down, and succeeded in restoring him to consciousness.

A Conservative Negro Tarred and Feathered in Savannah, Georgia.

The negroes of the South, wherever they have had the opportunity, have gone with the Radical Republi-



A PRAIRIE FIRE—AN EXCITING SPECTACLE AT FORT RANSOM, DACOTAH TERRITORY.

cans. Indeed they seem determined that no colored man shall do otherwise, for, on the 17th ult., at Savannah, Ga., they seized a colored orator who was counseling them to vote with their late masters instead of against them, stripped him, shaved his wool off, then tarred and feathered him in the most approved style, and just to finish off, rode him on a rail. By this time the police had obtained information of these unlawful proceedings, and arrived at the scene, arresting all concerned.

A Prairie Fire—An Exciting Spectacle at Fort Ransom, D. T.

From the Far West comes a thrilling tale of disaster and death caused by a fire on the prairies at Fort Ransom, Dakota Territory. About eleven o'clock on the morning of the 7th of October, the occupants of the fort were apprised of the fire on the prairie by the clouds of blinding and suffocating smoke borne onward on the

An Old Man Eaten by Rats in Cleveland, Ohio.

Thomas Moran, an old man who has lived the life of a vagrant in Cleveland, Ohio, for a long time, has lately



AN OLD MAN EATEN BY RATS.



A BOY'S ARM BITTEN OFF BY A HOG.

been in the habit of sleeping on an old piece of carpet in the cellar of an eating saloon. In the morning of the 4th ultimo the proprietor of the saloon went down to wake him as usual, but was horrified to find the



A CONSERVATIVE COLORED MAN TARRIED AND FEATHERED.



STRANGE TERMINATION OF AN ARIZONA FUNERAL.

cellar swarming with rats. Procuring, a lamp he found that the vermin were feasting upon the body of poor Moran, who had rendered up his last account, but whether from the rats or by disease could not be definitely known, owing to the fearfully disrupted state of the body.

A Boy's Arm Bitten Off by a Hog.

The ferocity of swine is a well authenticated peculiarity, and it has long been considered dangerous to enter a pig-sty unless the animals were very fat. At Wooster, Ohio, a boy on entering a barn to litter the hogs for the night, was attacked by one of them and injured very seriously, being bitten and mangled in the face, legs and arms. One of his arms was chewed up, the bones munched to pieces, leaving the arm in a shapeless condition. Help arrived, and the little fellow was carried to the house, where a surgeon amputated the arm so skillfully that it is expected he will ultimately recover.

Strange Termination of an Arizona Funeral.

A miner, who had been much respected, died some time since at the Arizona diggings, and it was determined to give him a regular funeral. One of the miners, who had once been a powerful preacher in the "States," was called upon to officiate, and the party proceeded to the grave, which had been dug the preceding evening. When the spot was reached, the officiating clergyman, and miner *ex-officio*, extemporized a prayer, the assembled company being on their knees around the grave; but the prayer seemed to some unnecessarily long, and they began, in an abstracted way, to finger the loose earth that had been thrown up from the grave. It was thick with gold, and an excitement was immediately apparent among the kneeling crowd. The preacher stopped, and inquired what was the matter. He saw the gold, and muttering, "The congregation is dismissed," the funeral party, with the parson at their head, lost no time in prospecting the new diggings.

CHAMPION WOOD-SAWING.

The Young Men's Christian Association against Hoosier Base-Ball Club, at Lafayette, Ind.

The 1st of November saw a peculiar scene in Lafayette, Indiana. The Young Men's Christian Association having been challenged to saw wood against the Hoosier Base-Ball Club, the challenge was promptly accepted, and they formed a procession, headed by a brass band, followed by the First Nine Hoosier Base-Ball Club, First Nine Young Men's Christian Association, First Nine Unknown, and First Nine Citizens, in all four nines, armed and equipped with saws and bucks. Arrived at the tournament ground, where had been arranged four piles of wood, of nine cords each, the contestants were placed in a circle, with the band in the centre, their photographs were taken, and the fun commenced.

It was exciting in the extreme: no doubt, as many went away as sore from laughing as from sawing wood. Here was a thin, pale-faced clerk sawing away at his first stick of wood as though his life depended on the emergency. The next one started off as composed as an old hand. Here one twists his saw and applied grease to its blade as a remedy; zeal has tripped another over his own buck, and so the laugh goes around. The weather was lovely, and the tournament was a success. The thirty-six cords of wood were disposed of long before the sun went down, and the Base-Ball Club fairly won the prize at this novel race. We expect similar excitements all over the country this week, as the necessity of a slight variation from the balls and bats of our national game seems to be widely felt. No one can deny that the innovation is a highly moral and healthy amusement.

THE CARNIVAL IN MADEIRA.—At an early hour of the Monday morning in the first week in Lent, the ordinary stillness of Funchal is interrupted by loud and clamorous sounds, such as sometimes assail the ear in a European town at midnight, when bands of revelers are reeling toward their homes. Laughter, song, instrumental music, and the unsteady tramp of a crowd meet the startled ear, suggesting the idea of the proximity of a disorderly multitude. Opening the window cautiously, you look down into the street, and behold bands of men in masks, and habited in every variety of strange and ridiculous costume. Some few, however, display both taste and wealth in the choice of their disguises, but the generality of the crowd, in their tawdry attire, appear to have studied only effectual concealment. For some hours party after party continue to pass through the street, and as they knock loudly at the doors, and even call loudly on the inhabitants by name, you discover that a feeling of impatience to have the shops opened and the ordinary routine of business commenced is common to all, and if not gratified may manifest itself in some open act of aggression. Slowly, and with evident reluctance, the houses are opened, while the curious and amused faces of children and servants may be seen peeping from the trellised balconies down on the noisy crowd. After a time a few men in ordinary costume begin to appear in the street, trying to look unconscious and unsuspecting of any danger, and hurrying forward with the important pre-occupied air of men of business. But neither their courage nor cunning avail them anything. A shower of stale eggs breaking on the stalwart shoulders of one merchant, reminds him that the more grave and English-like is his demeanor, the more he is regarded as the proper subject for mirth; while a plate of flour thrown over another would send a dusty miller instead of a dandy flying into some open door for shelter, followed by the derisive laughter of the insolent crowd. Amazed at such an exhibition of unchecked violence, the stranger inquires the meaning of the scene, and learns that it is merely the customary way of celebrating in Funchal the day known as Shrove Tuesday; the people having from time immemorial enjoyed an established license to indulge on that day in such rude practical jokes, as are warranted by the usages of all carnival seasons.

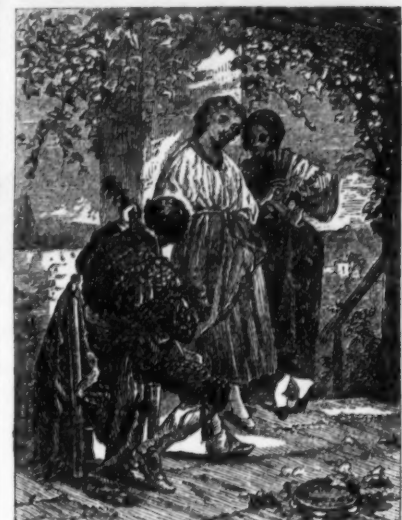
FAT WIVES.—On the banks of the Senegal, and among many African tribes, the matrimonial prize most sought after is abundance of flesh. To obtain corpulence is regarded as the only real comeliness. A female who can move with the aid of two men is but a moderate beauty, while the lady who cannot stir, and is only to be moved on a camel, is esteemed a perfect paragon. Nor is this queer fancy for obesity in women confined to the savages in the torrid zone, since we read in Wexall's Travels in Russia that, "in order to possess any pre-eminent degree of loveliness, a woman must weigh at least two hundred weight." The Empress Elizabeth, and Catherine II., both accounted very fine women, were of this massive kind.

EXTRAORDINARY COINCIDENCES.—The diameter of the earth multiplied by 108 gives the diameter of the sun; the diameter of the sun multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the earth from the sun; and the diameter of the moon multiplied by 108 gives the mean distance of the moon from the earth.

We hear that Mr. Brady has succeeded in taking photographic portraits in collocation so small that they are wholly invisible to the naked eye. How delightful if one could only have some of one's friends done in this way—we mean, of course, those friends one likes the better the less one sees of them.

Now is the Time to get up Clubs. Elegant Inducements:

Mr. Leslie has recently imported from Italy a quantity of admirable pictures in oil, on canvas, of great merit, and such as from their size and remarkable finish could not be purchased for less than from seventy-five to three hundred dollars each, which he proposes to give to subscribers on the terms stated below. These beautiful pictures in any saloon or parlor would not suffer by comparison with the finest oil paintings. The subjects are as follows:



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Where any one by his own exertions gets up a club, he may fairly retain the picture.

To facilitate efforts to get up clubs, we will send the picture, "BREAD AND TEARS," to any one engaged in getting up a club of five for the LADY'S MAGAZINE or the papers, on his forwarding to us the amount of three subscriptions; then the five copies ordered will be sent as soon as the balance is received.

To any one sending five subscriptions, and so requesting, we will in like manner send "THE FALCONER AND HIS BRIDE," and on receipt of the remaining five subscriptions, will commence sending the Magazine or the papers ordered.

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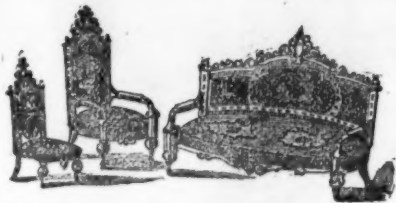
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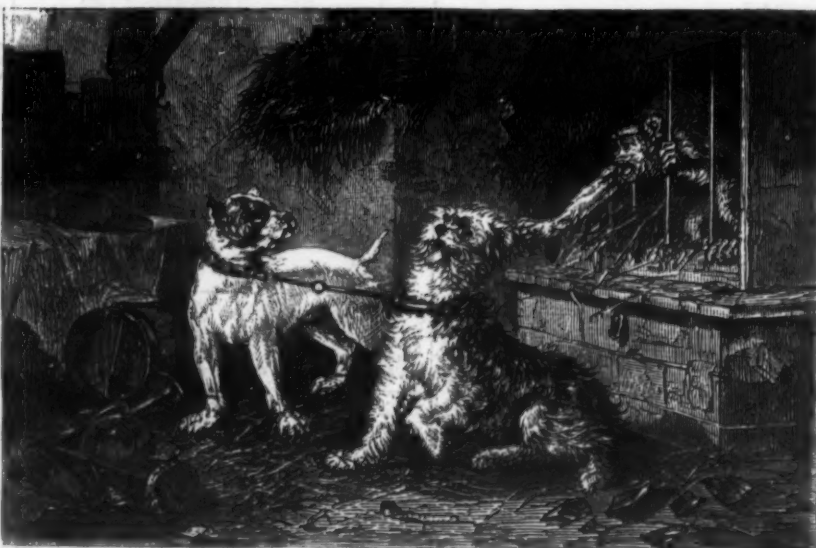
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